

HOLIDAY NUMBER.

£1,000
INSURANCE.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

P.W.
COUPON

May 19, 1894.

WEEK ENDING MAY 19, 1894.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

PEEK, FREAN & CO.'S

BISCUITS SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.

A.B.C. (Round)
BON BONS
CARICATURE
CHARIVARI
CHARM
COMEDY
DOT ZOO.

ICED GEM
JAM FINGERS
JUVENILE
KINDERGARTEN
MODEL
OSWEGO
ROCKET

PEEK, FREAN & CO. have received
fully four times as many Royal Ap-
pointments as have been accorded, to
the best of their knowledge, to any
other house in the world in their line
of business.

20 MEDALS.



AWAY FROM IT!
THERE IS ONLY ONE
MANFIELD.
AND THIS IS ITS
TRADE MARK.



MANFIELD & CO. LTD.
LONDON

24 HOUR LINE

HANDKERCHIEFS

THE HOUSEHOLD
BAKERY



Household
Bakery
Bread
Cakes
Pastry

THE KINGDOM

THE HOUSEHOLD

THE HOUSEHOLD

THE HOUSEHOLD

THE HOUSEHOLD

THE HOUSEHOLD

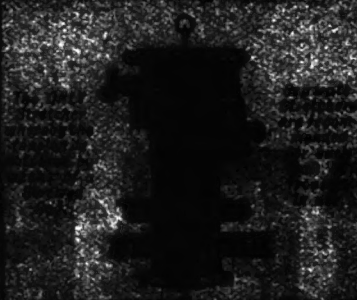
ECONOMIC
COOKERY

THE HOUSEHOLD



THE HOUSEHOLD
BAKERY
BREAD
CAKES
PASTRY
AND ALL THE
GOOD THINGS
WHICH MAKE
UP A
GOOD MEAL.

AVOID
BAGGY KNEES.



THE HOUSEHOLD
BAKERY

HAPPY HOURS FOR ALL
CAMPBELL'S
MELODEONS



COMPANION
MELODEONS
FOR THE
HOUSEHOLD

THE HOUSEHOLD
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The "LANCET" says—
"We counsel the
public to drink
MONTSERRAT LINE
FRUIT JUICE wher-
ever and whenever
they can. It is a far
more wholesome
drink than any form
of alcohol."

A teaspoonful of Montserrat Line Fruit Juice in a
small glass of water, taken on arising, is better
for average humanity in the long run than a large
quantity of medicine. It costs but about One
shilling for a 100 bottle. Not an expensive ex-
periment. Good also as a beverage in place of
lemons. Sold Everywhere. Druggists and Grocers.
MONTSERRAT LINE FRUIT JUICE AND ORGONALS Sold Every-
where in Imperial Pints and Quarts.



For Tender Feet
The only remedy for tender feet is by bathing
the feet in a solution of Condyl's Fluid. It is
sold in bottles of 1/2 and 1 Shilling.
Bottles of 1/2 Shilling are sold in all
Druggists and Grocers. Insist on
CONDYL'S FLUID.

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ROBERTALD'S
BRAND
HOLIDAY SPECIALITIES.

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Perhaps you may know someone who does not read "P.W.," but who would not object to look at a specimen copy—this one, for instance. After you have done with it, of course.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 200.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 19, 1894

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SOMETHING THAT NO ONE ELSE GIVES YOU.

EVERY PURCHASER OF P.W. INSURED AGAINST
BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING.

WITH this issue P.W. inaugurates a completely new system of benefitting its readers, free of all cost to themselves.

This was the first paper to insure railway travellers for anything like so large a sum as £1,000, the first to insure football players, the first to insure cyclists, and now it is the first to protect its readers against burglary and housebreaking. That imitation which is said to be the sincerest form of flattery—and which has in the past provided us with ample cause to feel very much flattered—will no doubt come to the rescue of less resourceful journals before long, for, unfortunately for us, the law, while it allows a man to protect any little pottering invention of which a model can be made, withholds protection from an idea, however original and praiseworthy.

On page 696 will be found the Burglary Coupon, which will in future form one of the permanent features of the paper. It replaces the General Accident Coupon, because the experience of the past has shown us that the latter has not been so much of benefit to the regular reader as to the casual one, who has protected himself with its aid from the special dangers to which football players and cyclists are exposed.

P.W. is a home paper. It has not got, and does not want, the large casual sale enjoyed by other popular and excellent journals. Its circulation is not so showy as that of papers which the utterances of their editors would lead one to suppose were unequalled, much less surpassed. Its stronghold is not the railway train or the restaurant—though it perhaps shows in such places to as great advantage as any other periodical—but THE HOME.

Now the risk of burglary and housebreaking is one to which the Home is always exposed. Few people know how frequent burglaries are. Any householder who reads P.W. runs far more risk of having his goods stolen by burglars or housebreakers than he does of breaking his arm or leg, and the number of burglaries is proved by statistics to far exceed that of fires. Yet, though almost everyone is insured against fire, hardly any one is protected in any way against the much greater risk of burglary.

The alarming prevalence of this form of crime is shown by the fact that the cat has recently been revived as the only allowable mode of punishment capable of adequately dealing with it. But in spite of the cat burglars flourish, and form an ever increasing menace to the law-abiding community.

It will be noticed that duly signed coupons of the current and two previous issues are required to cover a reader against burglary risks. This regulation has been introduced to ensure the fact that the benefit afforded is available by regular readers only.

To cover the risks incurred by this and the Railway Insurance of £1,000 we have to pay premiums amounting to many thousands of pounds yearly (see page 699), and the substitution of the Burglary for the General Accident Coupon has involved a greatly increased expenditure in this direction. It is only natural, therefore, that it should be desired that the benefits conferred should be shared only by those who are steady supporters of the paper.

I hope that readers will be good enough to mention this new departure of ours to their friends and relatives. P.W. has gained a foremost position among popular periodicals, not by huge expenditure upon advertising, but by putting the greatest possible value into its pages. This being so we have to depend for our advertising upon the kind recommendation of those who appreciate the efforts made to provide them with a good pennyworth.

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A GOOD GAME FOR WHITSUNTIDE.—Take all the coins you have in your pocket. Shake them up in your two hands. Spread them out. If there are more tails than heads, they are yours, and you may put them back in your pocket. If heads are in the majority, you owe a shilling to the Fresh Air Fund. Postal orders or stamps may be sent.

A HAPPY REALM.

THERE is a calm called Babyland—not very far away, Where dwell a race of tiny folks whose life is one long play;
A land of broken dollies, and of headless horsemen bold, Where nobody has work to do, and nobody grows old.

A place where fairies are quite real, and dollies talk and sing,
Where buttercups are made of gold, and bluebells truly ring,
Where poodle dogs and woolly lambs with melancholy looks
Are taught their letters and their sums from tattered picture books.

The chief town is called "Nursery," there toys are strewn about,
And little feet make music as they patter in and out.
But when the lamps are lighted, and it's time to go to bed,
The sandman comes, the eyelids droop, and nods each heavy head.

"And does the sun shine always in that land of golden hours,
Among the birds and animals, the pictures and the flowers?"
Ah! no, the storms come sometimes, but then the queen is near,
To comfort every sorrow, and to kiss away each tear.

We all have come from Babyland—that country dear and sweet,
And some of us would fain turn back our old and weary feet—
And play again with fairies, and with babies made of wood—
In Babyland—where mother's queen, and all her subjects good.

TOO SEVERE.

HAMMERER: "I've got to get a new piano. My old one is all worn out. The action is too uneven."

Hardhead: "The action! What's that?"

Hammerer: "I mean some of the keys go down too hard and some too easy. I become accustomed to it, and then when I play on a new piano in some one else's house I hit some keys too hard and others not hard enough."

Hardhead: "I see."

Hammerer: "Well, the unexpected sounds startle me so that I forget the notes and get thrown out."

Hardhead: "Well, I think that's pretty rough. They might tell you to stop, or hit you with a chair-leg or something, but I don't think they ought to throw you out."

A BURIED CROWN.

A ROMANTIC story comes from the village of Triel, in France. There, it is said, James II. buried his crown and the valuable relics of his family, and for forty years all over the neighbourhood, from time to time, people diligently dug for the buried treasure.

Nearly half a century ago a mysterious woman appeared at Triel. She bought a house and large estate, and went up and down the village, having no dealings with the inhabitants, and arousing great curiosity; but after a time some neighbours made her acquaintance, and learned that she was in search of the crown of James II.

Legend and romance soon took root in the soil upturned by this odd mysterious digging on her estate, and rumour finally said that the lady, Madame Deville, was the daughter of George IV. and Queen Caroline. Lord Palmerston was said to have visited her. Finally she died, but the legend did not die with her.

The land was sold to a person who had received her confidence, and who continued the quest. This successor is a Parisian shopkeeper. The digging still continues, and still the crown, with its priceless stones, remains undiscovered.

MOVING THE JURY.

A CANADIAN barrister named M'Sweeny was a thorough student of human nature, and master of the art of observation. Nothing escaped his notice. While engaged upon a case he watched the jury as a cat watches a mouse, and frequently astonished his clients by ending his arguments very abruptly and submitting the matter to the jury.

"I've known many a case to be talked to death after it had been won," he said. "What is the use of wasting time and breath after the jury is converted to your way of thinking? I believe I can tell when I have my jury well in hand. At that point I stop, no matter in what shape it leaves my speech. I take it that a client employs a lawyer to win his case, and not to display his oratorical abilities."

The peculiarity of the great criminal lawyer was well shown at a murder trial in Montreal a few years ago. Mr. M'Sweeny appeared for the defendant. The State had apparently made out a very clear case against the prisoner. When Mr. M'Sweeny arose to make his address to the jury, he carefully avoided any reference to the facts set forth in the evidence or the laws governing them. He pointed out the terrible responsibility resting upon the twelve men who were sitting in judgment upon the life of one of their fellow citizens. He added that the verdict of guilty would not fall heaviest upon the prisoner, but upon his family. He asked the jury to think for a moment of the effect of an adverse verdict upon the wife and little ones of the prisoner.

Then the lawyer drew a word picture which was a marvel of artistic rhetorical work. He brought before the eyes of the jurymen the home of the accused man. He showed the patient and loving wife leaving her work to cast many an anxious glance down the road to see if her husband was yet in sight, eager to be the first to catch a glimpse of his figure in the distance, that a steaming supper might await him upon his arrival. He pictured three ruddy-faced children swinging upon the old gate waiting till papa should come home to them.

At this point the lawyer noticed that one of the jurymen had considerable difficulty in swallowing a large lump which choked him, and that there was a suspicious moisture in his eye.

The speaker paused. Turning towards that juror, he held out both hands as a little child might have done to its father, and said, in a tone that was scarcely audible:

"Gentlemen, you must send him home to them."

Shifting uneasily in his seat, the juror blurted out:

"Yes, we'll do it, too."

M'Sweeny instantly sat down. The case was won. His client was acquitted. But the most interesting point in this case, perhaps, was the fact which, the lawyer afterwards learned, that the prisoner at the bar was an unmarried man!

"I THINK I understand now," said Higgs, "why they speak of Miss Wellaby's new Paris-made gown as a 'creation.' It looks almost as if it were made of nothing."

A HEALTH officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district:

"Dear Sir,—I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from measles as required by Act of Parliament."

"I SEE," remarked the editor, "that a man named Fitezhkioffgi has confessed that he conspired against the Czar's life."

"The intention probably was to place the man's name somewhere where Alexander would be likely to fall over it," replied the sub-editor.

LITTLE GIRL—"It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin' their age."

Little Boy: "Why?"

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, th' paper says Professor Dryasdust is goin' to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."

R

ONLY AN AMATEUR.

THERE were three alternatives offered to Mr. Phineas Frost. The first was suicide, and he put that on one side immediately as being too painful to contemplate; the second was borrowing from his friends to enable him to pay the debt which he owed of £10,000, which looked so much like the broad and easy way leading to the workhouse that he fought shy of venturing along it, and the third was marrying his daughter to the firm of Calvert and Son, his creditors.

Whether the father or son had her was a matter which after all was of very secondary importance, and this was especially so because he thought that it would perhaps be wiser neither to take his daughter into his confidence nor to consult her at all until all the preliminary details of the transaction had been successfully negotiated.

"There is some advantage attaching to a pretty daughter, after all," mused this unfortunate speculator one morning, as he set out to the City on the delicate mission of endeavouring to sell his only child. He was glad that the young lady was staying away from home at the time, and on the whole he was relieved to find, when he reached the magnificent offices of Messrs. Calvert and Son, Stock and Share Brokers, that the junior member of the firm was also away on his holidays.

After all, the subject which occupied his mind was one which he could broach with more confidence to a man of a certain age than to a young fellow who was unknown to him even by sight, and who might very easily turn round and say that there were in the world plenty of pretty girls who would suit him admirably in the capacity of a wife without a forfeit of £10,000.

Exactly what transpired between these two men of business, cloistered as they were for the best part of an hour together, will probably never be known by anyone except the office-boy who had his ear to the keyhole a greater part of the time. But it was noticed by the clerks in the counting-house that when Mr. Phineas Frost came downstairs he looked very hot and uncomfortable.

The subject which he had in hand was one of such extreme delicacy, that he spent half an hour in beating round the bush in the most elaborate manner, before he dared come to the point; and it was only when he had at last blurted out that in the place of the £10,000 which were due, his daughter would be at the disposal of Mr. Calvert, senior, that he discovered the very unpleasant fact that Mrs. Calvert was still alive.

Thereupon he beat a very sudden and shamefaced retreat, and as he wended his way home he was compelled to confess that the choice now practically lay between suicide and the workhouse. After the most unfortunate mistake which had occurred, he could not very well mention the subject which he had in mind to the junior partner.

His prospects were anything but cheerful, and it was even a question whether it was practicable to borrow £10,000 from his friends. If not—well he must go to bed and think it over.

The organ-grinder at the gate had been grinding away for fully twenty minutes at the popular tunes which filled his barrel. The nurses and the children under their charge had gaped over the fence to their heart's content, and the pitiful old ladies confined to their rooms on the upper floors of that fashionable Yorkshire boarding-house had rained down sundry threepenny-bits upon him, a good many of which were lost in the long grass, to judge from the disappointed look on the man's face, although he found them quickly enough when others were showered down by way of compensation.

"Some won't encourage 'em," said Mrs. Grit, the energetic proprietress, as she stood at the kitchen door duster in hand; "but I say that they just help boarders to keep lively; and if your summer boarder gets low spirited yer apt to lose her. Now, then, Maria, don't stand gaping there, but take them scraps and warm them in the oven. What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for, and I don't believe the Rytalian forinner would care if he did know it was what the folks left on their plates. If it's good enough for mince to-morrow it's good enough for him to-day, ain't it?"

And then Maria called the foreigner to come in. He slipped the monkey's chain from the handle of the barrow, and shuffled up the well-kept gravel path with a look of eager expectation which moved one susceptible old lady upstairs to tears, and she immediately made up her mind not to complain at her weekly bill, although it was about double the proper amount, as Mrs. Grit was such a good, kind-hearted creature, it would be cruel to hurt her feelings or to suggest that she had been guilty of the heinous crime of overcharging one of her boarders. And so every kind action has its reward, although we may not know it.

While the organ-grinder was feeding in the kitchen with a relish which did great credit to the scraps, although it made them look rather small, a young man came down the road with a fishing-rod in one hand and an empty basket in the other. He was very good-looking, and his peculiar oval face with its bright Southern complexion and jet black hair was shown off to the very best advantage by the exceedingly Bohemian dress which he wore, probably for the very reason that he knew how becoming it was.

Your City man when he goes for a holiday as a rule prefers to be a little eccentric in his attire, and certainly the combination of coloured shirt, knickerbockers, and a huge fisherman's hat gave the young man the appearance of a theatrical bandit rather than anything else. He put down the empty fish-basket inside the boarding-house gate and then went back and examined the barrel-organ.

"It looks easy," he thought to himself. "I never could see why girls should waste the best years of their lives learning the piano, which probably they will never play without giving offence to anybody with an ear for music, when the whole thing can be done so much better by just turning a handle. If I had to earn my own living I think that this sort of thing would suit me."

Then he took hold of the handle and began turning it. The result was very bad.

"Not so easy as it looks," he thought to himself, as he pounded the handle round with a series of disconnected jerks, and began to get hot.

"Wonder what tune I'm supposed to be playing now. Never heard one quite like it before. Doesn't seem to attract any very great crowd either."

It was disappointing that there was nobody, not even a baby, to appreciate his efforts. The nursemaids, on whose support he had counted, had all gone into the house to look after the children, and the older people, imagining that the legitimate grinder had recommenced operations in a very unfavourable mood, thought that the sooner he went away the better, and in the hopes of encouraging him to discontinue, they carefully abstained from looking out.

"Wonder where the owner of this muscle-developing machine has taken himself to," mused the young man as he mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. Then an inspiration came to him.

"By Jove!" he said laughing softly to himself at the brilliancy of his own thoughts. "I'll trundle the thing down to the village and see how much I can make. It's down hill all the way there, and the old man can fetch it back himself if he wants it. Good idea."

He found the barrel-organ a considerable weight at first, but after a time it seemed to run easier, and finally the only question was whether he would ever be able to stop the thing at the other end. However, half-way down the hill, when the speed was estimated at fifteen miles an hour, he brought up against the wheel of a small dogcart which was coming slowly in the opposite direction.

Thereupon the barrel-organ went over, playing the last chords of the National Anthem as it did so, and finally settled down on the top of the young man who had got entangled in the handles.

When he got up again he found that the horse was rearing, and doing its best to run backwards down the hill on its hind legs, while the young lady who was driving alone was screaming at the top of her voice.

Whether the horse had a natural antipathy to popular tunes, or hated Italians, or thought that the barrel-organ was going to attack it again, did not appear, but it was some time before the young man who sprang to the frightened creature's head was able to persuade it to assume its natural position on four legs.

In the meantime the young lady, whose nerves had naturally been very much shaken, had not failed to notice the good looks of the man whom she was kind enough to consider her saviour, although, as a matter of fact, he had done more towards bringing her to a sudden end than anything else.

"Saved," she muttered to herself as the horse at last resumed its horizontal position, "and by an organ-grinder as handsome as he is graceful."

Miss Frost, for she was the daughter of the man who at that moment was trying to sell her hand to his creditors, had not been to a modern school and had the advantages of three terms at Girton for nothing. She knew Italian, and as soon as she had caught her breath she aired it for the organ-grinder's benefit.

"Signor," she said, bending forward and showing her pretty white teeth, "how can I thank you for saving my life? It was very brave of you."

"An Italian lady, by Jove," thought the young man—an Italian would never have supposed it for a minute—and he instantly replied in the same language and an accent peculiar to Marlborough boys.

"Signorina, that I have done something to spare you alarm has made me happy. If by chance I saved your life I am too much honoured and favoured." He thought, on the whole, it was better to put it this way than to apologise for having done his best to kill her.

"Never was there such an organ-grinder," thought pretty Miss Frost. Then her blue eyes lighted on the barrel-organ, where it lay apparently none the worse for the collision.

"Is it hurt—your organ?" she asked anxiously in the Italian language as spoken in the class-rooms at Girton. And the young man interrupted her in the same language as taught by Professor Sprachemall.

"That is my affair, signorina."

"How proud he is—perhaps he is a prince who has been obliged to fly the country," thought Miss Frost, and thereupon she bestowed another gracious smile upon him, and, thanking him with all the most eloquent phrases she could remember, she drove away, turning once to wave a dainty lace handkerchief to her preserver.

And so they parted—Miss Frost to tell her adventure to her aunt, and the young man to find the missing owner of the organ, and to pay him the price of the damage which he had brought about.

At tea time he made many inquiries concerning the young Italian lady, and to his surprise he found that nobody, not even Mrs. Grit herself, knew anything of her.

This was most disappointing, for he had already been looking forward to their next meeting with pleasurable anticipation, and framing a few words which would express his anxiety after her welfare in the most eloquent words of her poetic language.

Do what he would he could not forget that pretty face and gentle voice, and he found himself singing "Some Day" as he wandered about the garden on a moonlight night in a voice so plaintive that one old lady sent down her maid to inquire if he was feeling unwell, and if there was anything which she could do for him.

He wrote to London for an Italian dictionary and phrase book, and sat late into the night, brushing up his knowledge of the language, which had never been a very extensive one, and every day he wandered up and down between the boarding house and the village, looking out for that little red-wheeled cart with the spirited bay horse and the charming young lady inside.

However, it never came his way, and for the very good reason that Miss Frost's aunt had forbidden her ever to drive out alone again, and condemned her to the family carriage and the driving of old Carter Wimpe, the family coachman, who always avoided that hill into the village whenever he could.

So for many days the young man never saw the beautiful foreigner who had broken his romantic heart, while pretty Mildred Frost hardly knew whether she was wretched or happy, when she thought of the wonderful romance that had come into her life, for she owned to herself that she adored

the organ-grinder, who was certainly a prince in reduced circumstances.

At last they met. It was in this way. The young man was consoling himself by fishing by the banks of a little stream which ran through a wood, and Miss Frost was out for a solitary walk, lost in contemplation of the happiness which was in store for her some day when the second volume of her novel in real life would be good enough to begin.

"My gallant preserver," she cried as she caught sight of his picturesque broad-brimmed hat. "Oh, signor, is it possible?"

And he answered in Italian also.

"Signorina, this is the happiest hour of my life. Ah, how I have dreamed of this meeting, how I have longed with all the passion of my heart to speak to you once more, to stand face to face, and to gaze into those dazzling eyes," he had learnt this by heart out of an Italian novel, and he was rather proud of it.

And so these two began to make love to one another in a foreign language, and never for a moment did either of them suspect the nationality of the other. Miss Frost felt sure that her aunt would not welcome an organ-grinder as a guest, and so she had to make excuses for not asking him to call.

The young man on his part fished for an invitation as he had never fished for trout. He was a gentleman, and he thought that after the open way in which they had expressed their admiration for one another the least the young lady could do was to ask him to five-o'clock tea.

He was desperately in earnest over this adventure, and he was burning to know her parents and to pay his addresses properly. However, Miss Frost did not feel equal to introducing a wandering musician into her aunt's drawing-room, and although she was, in her heart of hearts, secretly hoping that he would suggest an elopement, she did not dare even to think of her father's passion when he heard of her attachment for this handsome organ-grinder.

"I wish to goodness that she knew a little English," thought the young man as his adored sat on one side of the stream with a phrase book hidden under her muff and he sat on the other with a dictionary concealed in his fish basket. "I don't understand half she says, except when she condescends to talk in the language of the eye. I expect something unpleasant will come of this."

Something did.

One evening about twilight the young man and Miss Frost sat in the little cove, which they had chosen on account of its utter seclusion, upon some damp but very mossy rocks.

His arm was about her waist, her head on his shoulder, and he had called her "Carissima" and "Bella Carissima" several times when an avalanche rolled down the steep bank upon them. That was the effect. It was, however, only the portly form of Mr. Phineas Frost who had come down from town for the day and hearing that his daughter had gone out for a solitary walk had set out in search of her, and attracted by the sound of voices he had pitched upon the lovers and slipping in the excitement of the moment he had come down the slope with a rush.

They broke his fall, but when he picked himself up he began to use language which was more forcible and penetrating than polite or coherent. And in the pauses he wanted to know "what the dickens his daughter was doing and who on earth the confounded rascal was who sat with her."

The young man, quite conscious that he deserved the reproof, only it was the girl's fault for not having asked him to call, was just feeling in his pockets for a card, and wondering somewhat at the fluency with which the old gentleman, who was evidently her guardian or her father, spoke English, when, to his utter amazement, the girl flung herself on her knees.

"Father, please don't be angry," she pleaded in perfect English. "This is the noble organ-grinder who saved my life. He cannot speak one word of English, and in saving me he broke his organ, and has to support himself by fishing. Remember, father, that but for him I should now be in my grave. Oh, father, I love him, and so, as you love me, be merciful."

"Mildred Frost," said the old man, "you're an idiot. Here, you organ-grinder, can you speak any Englesy at all, you know?"

"Perfectly," said the young man, with a gesture of despair. "In fact, I'm an Englishman. I thought your daughter was an Italian lady until this moment, and she apparently paid the same compliment to my knowledge of the language. Allow me to explain the somewhat embarrassing position into which you have put us by your unexpected arrival. I have, I need hardly say, the most respectful admiration for Miss Frost, and wish to—"

"I can't listen to any explanations," interrupted the old man, stamping his foot on the ground in ungovernable fury. "What business have you to make love to my daughter, you disreputable, dirty, lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond? If you broke your confounded organ in saving her life, although I would like to know how the dickens you did that, I will pay for a new one. I'm deeply grateful for what you have done," he added, growing more conciliatory at the look of pain and supplication in his daughter's eyes, "but you see organ-grinding or fishing is not—that is—I—"

"Quite so," said the young man, with slightly heightened colour. "Only there seems to be some mistake. As to organ-grinding, I'm only an amateur. I thought your daughter knew that. I'm no more a professional than I'm an Italian. And perhaps you know James Calvert by name. He has rather an extensive business in the City. I'm his only son. It was a mutual mistake."

The old man sat down on the rock as if he had been stunned. "Done it again," he muttered to himself. "Lost my second chance. There's nothing for it but suicide now. What a fool I am to be sure. I might have seen the fellow was a gentleman."

However, when he had made it clear that he quite understood and appreciated what a good match the young man would be for his daughter, and how proud he would be to call Mr. Calvert, junior, his son-in-law, he found that things were going all right after all. The young man had no idea until he was married to Mildred, daughter of Phineas Frost, that his father-in-law was no other than the ruined speculator who had lost all his money through his careless dealings with the firm of Calvert and Son, Throgmorton Street.

Miriam, the young giantess, died early. Let's hope that "Home Notes," the young giantess among ladies' papers, won't follow her example. By the way, we don't merely say that "Home Notes" has the largest circulation of papers of its kind—we prove it by opening our printing and publishing accounts to the inspection of any advertiser.

AMSTERDAM AS SEEN BY P.W.

No. 2.

THE OFFENDERS' PARADISE.

AMSTERDAM is a most delightful place for anybody who likes to create a disturbance. There are two distinct bodies of police, the Municipal and the Government, and such internal jealousy exists between the two that an offender over and over again escapes the clutches of the law.

If a Municipal policeman is in difficulty with an unruly citizen he will get no assistance whatever from a Government constable, even if the latter be passing at the time; and vice versa.

Rescues are of daily occurrence. The police are loathed by the populace, who are otherwise very law-abiding, and they have the greatest difficulty in arresting an offender.

If a policeman happens to be taking a man to the lock-up, not the rag-tag and bob-tail but most respectable people occupying responsible positions will join together and effect a rescue, to the consternation of the constable, who in many cases is a mere raw boy, whose only authority is a baby face and a sword dangling at his side.

In an ordinary way it takes a policeman at least half an hour to arrest a drunken man, but in many cases the constable is so busily engaged in warding off the attacks of small boys that the inebriate finds an opportunity to escape altogether.

WHAT IS MARGARINE?

Most people are under the impression that margarine is a vile substitute for butter. It is nothing of the kind. Dutchmen who make it consider it very good stuff, and so it is. It is butter made in a different way to pure Devonshire; it is, in fact, distilled kidney fat of the ox and cow flavoured with the oil extracted from the Arachides nut, which comes from South America.

It is a remarkable fact that the Arachides nut possesses the exact flavour of grass butter. It is absolutely impossible to distinguish the difference between the best margarine sold at ninepence per pound and the best butter sold at double that price.

A short time ago the Dutch Government desired to know whether it was really possible to distinguish one from the other, and with this end in view they despatched samples of margarine and butter to all the leading analysts in Europe. Not a single one succeeded in telling them which was margarine and which was butter. Even the chief taster in the Paris butter market confessed to having failed in his attempt to distinguish the difference.

As a matter of fact, the Dutch people think so well of margarine that they frequently mix the best butter with it.

Huge quantities are sold in this country under the name of grass butter, and even the admitted export of margarine from Holland to Great Britain amounts to over 50,000 tons per annum.

THE CHAMPION DRINKERS.

AMSTERDAM is pre-eminently the home of the gin-slinger. There is scarcely a person in the town who doesn't take spirits; even young ladies in the highest circles consume their modicum of gin, while small boys of eleven and twelve years of age periodically take their "nips." The gin is so powerful that a single mouthful makes a person unaccustomed to it stagger for the moment.

Holland is the head-quarters of the gin trade, and the liquor is so plentiful that a glass, for which sixpence may be paid in London, costs only a penny.

Amsterdam possesses some roaring drinkers; the man who gets rid of twenty-four glasses of gin in a day is considered quite moderate; in fact, he might almost as well wear the blue ribbon. I had the doubtful privilege of being presented to the greatest drinker in the town. This individual consumes fifty glasses of gin regularly every day, and has done so for many years. Of an evening he drinks alternately gin and beer, about ten glasses of each, and though his clothes reek of spirits more than any gin factory, he never gets drunk.

Peculiar drinking feats are a feature of the town. A man will stake a couple of florins that he can toss off twelve glasses of gin in as many seconds. If the bet is accepted a company assembles at five minutes before the hour of twelve, and twelve glasses are filled to the brim with gin.

Immediately the clock strikes the first chime, the champion drinks a glass, and repeats the operation at every stroke of the clock until the twelve glasses are completely exhausted.

It is quite a common occurrence for a gentleman to drink five glasses of Holland before dinner, ostensibly for the purpose of giving him an appetite, which it certainly never does.

FUNERAL HORSES.

IN Holland one cannot tell a cab from a mourning coach. I was quite surprised when I got to Amsterdam, on looking into what I thought was a mourning coach, to find the occupants partaking of a "nip" of gin and roaring with laughter.

The explanation is that the majority of North Holland horses—a poor lot altogether—are black and funeral-looking. They constitute quite a funeral breed, in fact, and a brisk trade is done with them for undertaking purposes in various parts of the globe. In 1891 no fewer than 763 black horses, valued at £16 each, were shipped to this country, most of them being subsequently sold to undertakers.

A GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

HAARLEM is a town which supplies the world with hundreds of millions of tulips and hyacinths; the bulbs are even sent as far as Australia and New Zealand, while the flowers themselves come to the London market to fetch extortionate prices.

The whole district is covered with carefully laid-out plots on which grow flowers of every conceivable hue. At a distance it looks as if some brilliant rainbow had fallen to the ground. Here one sees half an acre of nothing but blue hyacinths; fifty yards away the ground will be covered solely by white hyacinths; a little further on the colour will be dark red. Huge bunches of hyacinths can be bought for a farthing; but the flowers are so plentiful that in order to get rid of them they are used as manure.

The plants are in full bloom when the snow is on the ground, and it is possible to skate along the canal from Amsterdam to Haarlem, a distance of sixteen miles, and return in a snowstorm laden with quantities of most exquisite flowers.

A VISIT TO A DIAMOND CUTTER.

ONE of the chief industries of Amsterdam is diamond cutting and polishing; indeed, Amsterdam is one of the centres of the world's diamond trade. In all there are fifty-two factories, where ten thousand persons are employed, and diamond merchants come from every part of the world to inspect the magnificent stones which are always to be found in the chief town of Holland. I had the privilege of interviewing one of the leading diamond merchants, the polisher of the celebrated Koh-i-noor, who gave me the following details relating to the trade:—

"On an average there is exported yearly from Amsterdam something like £1,750,000 worth of diamonds. We buy them in all parts of the world, and bring them here to be cut and polished. The other day a stone of 154 carats which was cut here was sold to a wealthy Indian for £120,000. I, myself, buy every year about £130,000 worth of diamonds; and to give you some idea of the trade I may tell you that when these are cut and polished they sell for about £160,000. I very seldom sell anything retail, but the other day an American lady tourist happened to visit my works and insisted on buying a pair of earrings, the price of which was £2,500.

"It is not a very easy matter to tell a good diamond. A pure one must have no black spots, and should be absolutely white. Some little time ago I bought what I thought was a good stone, but it turned out to be impure, and I lost £150 over it in consequence. Selection is accompanied by great risk. Stones which are of good colour in the rough often turn out bad when polished; on the other hand, many that are green and yellow in the rough, are pure white after polishing.

"The cutting and polishing is also a hazardous business. I once paid £680 for a stone which cracked in the cutting, and I could only get £17 for it. I insure all my stones, and it is fortunate for me that I have always followed this practice. £5,000 worth of stones which were posted to my firm on one occasion, were stolen at Hatton Garden Post Office, London."

My informant now showed me over the various departments of his works. There are three processes in the making of a "brilliant"—the splitting, the cutting, and the polishing, in this order. The man whose duty it is to split the stones has two sticks, on the end of each of which is a lump of shellac. In one lump of shellac a diamond is partially embedded, for a diamond, as everybody ought to know, is the only substance hard enough to cut a diamond. To the second lump a diamond to be operated upon is also affixed.

The splitter now takes a stick in each hand, and with the operating diamond makes an incision on the line of crystallisation. Unless this is done it is impossible to cut the stone. After this a blunt knife is placed on the scratch, knocked with a hammer, and the stone is split. The impure part of the stone becomes what is known as a "rose diamond."

The cutter's business, the second process, is to shape the stone. Those engaged in this work wear gloves something after the style of boxing gloves. All the diamond dust formed during the preparation of a stone is collected, after which it is pulverised and mixed with oil for polishing purposes. To polish a pure stone, to make it a "brilliant," it is put on a steel disc, which is first rubbed with the preparation of diamond dust and oil. The disc works at the rate of 2,000 revolutions per minute.

SOME PECULIARITIES.

WHY should everything be quaint in Holland? The cows are covered with a canvas coat to protect them from the cold. The stork is considered a lucky bird, and when one builds its nest near a house the tenants in question are considered to be extremely favoured by fortune. On the roof of nearly every house, and projecting from the gable, is a beam with a large hook at the end of it. The reason of this is that the doors of the houses are so narrow that the occupants are compelled to hoist things up and take them inside the window. Even the best and latest houses do not lack this fault.

There is one peculiar profession I have not mentioned. It is that of the Aanspreker, whose doleful business it is to convey the news of the death of a person to the friends and relatives of the deceased. He is a sorrowful-looking individual, dressed in black, and is gradually becoming extinct.

DUTCH LOTTERIES.

To help to fill the exchequer the Dutch Government resort to the practice of lotteries, of which, by-the-way, they seem to be rather ashamed, for there is no satisfactory information to be gleaned about them in the Parliamentary Blue Books. The first prize is £8,333 6s. 8d. and the second £4,166 13s. 4d., and there are numerous other smaller prizes.

The entrance fee, that is to say the cost of a whole ticket, is £5 16s. 8d. Very few, however, risk the whole sum, and most people buy what is known as the twentieth part of a ticket. The lottery is quite an institution, and offices are set apart in which to carry on the work. The vouchers are hawked about the streets by sad looking men who have nothing better to do.

There is no doubt that the coffers of the Government are augmented to a considerable extent by the lotteries, for besides receiving all the entrance fees, fifteen per cent. is charged on all monies paid out in the shape of prizes by the Treasury. When the drawing takes place there is no end of excitement, and the rag-pickers go round retailing intelligence of the winning number at the price of half a farthing a time.

HOW THE FLOODS ARE PREVENTED.

HOLLAND is a country of wooden piles and dykes, for the people are perpetually fighting against the encroachments of water. One building in Amsterdam rests on no fewer than 13,659 piles, though the dykes around the town, which have been erected at enormous expense, effectually prevent any chance of a flood. The streets of the flourishing port of Rotterdam even are frequently under water in the winter, and in some parts of South Holland the people are compelled to do their shopping in boats.

When the Zuyder Zee breaks on to the land, those who wade up to their knees along the streets of a flooded village meet all manner of fish. This is explained by the fact that the Zuyder Zee, with its mud bottom, is literally crammed with finny tribes; and one authority states that if it were scraped of all its fish one year it would be full again the next.

The land of Holland is really of four distinct levels, and from ten to twelve feet between the highest and the lowest. To make the land dry, the water is pumped from the lowest level to the one immediately above it, and so on, until the water has been returned again to the sea. A large number of engineers are specially engaged to look after the dykes, and no less a sum than £500,000 is expended every year in keeping these fortifications against the sea in proper repair.

CRICKETING SETS GRATIS

TWENTY SETS GIVEN AWAY EACH MONTH.

COMPETITION No. II.

It is the duty of every boy to play cricket and, speaking from experience, it is his pleasure also. With a view to encourage all boys, big and little, in this manly sport, I have great pleasure in offering for competition each month during the summer Twenty complete sets of Cricketing Goods to be competed for under the following conditions:—

Competitors are requested to collect as many of the cricket coupons printed below as they can, and enclose them with a sheet of paper on which is written the address of the school, or proposed club, full name and address of the sender, and the number of coupons sent in. Letters to be marked "Cricket" in the top left-hand corner. The twenty outfits will be given to the twenty clubs or schools from which most coupons are sent. Each outfit will consist of two good cane-spliced bats, a full set of stumps and balls, a pair of leg guards, a pair of wicket-keeping gloves, two right-hand batting gloves, and a match ball. The above materials will be supplied by the well-known firm of Frank Bryan, 33, Charterhouse Square, London, and include their patent rubber-sewn batting gloves. The value of each set is £2 10s.

The second of these competitions will close by first post June 1st, and will be followed by similar ones each month throughout the summer. No school or club will be permitted to receive a prize twice in succession, and no competitor must be over sixteen.

Now, boys, look up all your friends and relations who are readers of P.W., and get them to give you the Cricket Coupon, and if you can persuade those who are not readers already to buy copies, so much the better chance will your school or club have of getting a cricket set for nothing.

CRICKET COUPON.—No. 6.

(Cricket Coupons Nos. 1—4 are not available for this Competition.)

If you want another paper to see you over the holidays, why not buy "Short Stories"? It's good stuff. Just as good in its way as "P.W."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1946. In the Event of Failure of a Legal Heir to the British Throne how would a Monarch be Chosen?

Sir William Blackstone, in his celebrated commentary on the laws of England, would seem to infer that no definite mode of procedure is laid down. He says: "For if the throne be at any time vacant (which may happen by other means than that of abdication; as if all the blood Royal should fail without any successor appointed by Parliament)—if, I say, a vacancy should happen, the right of disposing of this vacancy seems naturally to result to the 'Lords and Commons,' the trustees and representatives of the people, for there are no other hands in which it can so properly be intrusted, and there is a necessity of its being intrusted somewhere; else the whole frame of government must be dissolved and perish." No case has occurred during the period of constitutional government in this country, of an entire failure of heirs to the throne. After the flight of James II., however, the Houses of Lords and Commons met and decided that the throne was vacant, and proceeded to draw up a declaration defining who were the next heirs and in what order of succession they stood. The only alteration made in this document has been the insertion of a clause stipulating that the reigning monarch shall conform to the Protestant religion as by law established.

1948. Which is the Most Ridiculous Act of Parliament now in Force?

Several ridiculous Acts of Parliament are still in existence, and, although they have long been obsolete, they are still capable of being brought into force. One, for instance, is that concerning eating. An Act was passed in Edward the Third's reign prohibiting more than two courses being served at dinner or supper, except on certain holidays. The Act has never been repealed, and could therefore still be enforced. Scotch law still has a very absurd law in force, namely, that an infant is declared to have been born dead unless it has cried, despite the fact that it may have moved and breathed for hours. This, perhaps takes the palm, as it could be readily acted upon in a court of law.

1949. What Invention or Discovery has given the Most Pleasure to Mankind?

The art of printing undoubtedly. We have only to look at the number of books, periodicals, newspapers, and other literature of all sorts and kinds which is published every year, to form an idea—not adequate perhaps—of the enormous benefits conferred on humanity by this invention. How the city man would exist without his morning and evening papers—modesty alone prevents me from mentioning certain other periodicals which are a necessity either to himself or to his family—to while away his daily train journey, the spare time at the office, and the evenings at home, is too awful a contingency to contemplate. But it is futile to pursue the subject further. One has only to think of the absolute blank that would be left in one's own life, were all reading matter suddenly to disappear, in order to realise what an amount of pleasure has been afforded by the development of the art of printing.

1950. Which is the Most Striking Example of a Small State Defeating a Large One?

The victory by Athens over the Persians at the battle of Marathon. Athens was the capital of Attica, a State about the size of the county of Surrey. The Persian Empire comprised the chief part of the then known world. The king ruled over the regions which now form Asiatic Turkey, the greater part of Turkey in Europe, the kingdom of Persia, the countries of

Georgia, Armenia, Balkh, the Punjab, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Egypt, and Tripoli. And it must not be supposed that the armies of the Persian King were wanting in skill and valour. So great was their military reputation that, according to Herodotus, their very name "had hitherto struck terror into the hearts of the Greeks, and the Athenians were the first to endure the sight of their armour, and to look them in the face on the field of battle." They had subdued kingdom after kingdom, and so accustomed were they to conquer that they beheld the handful of Athenians, who advanced to attack them at Marathon, with astonishment and scorn. They were quickly undeceived. The genius of Miltiades, and the valour of freemen fighting for their country, prevailed against the vast host of the Great King, and European freedom and civilisation beat back for ever the advancing tide of Asiatic despotism.

1951. Which Popular Game of the Present Day has had the most Ancient Origin?

Of indoor games, chess is the oldest. But the authorities are hopelessly divided as to its antiquity and origin. They all agree that it is at least 2,000 years old, and that India has most claims to be considered its birthplace. The evidence that the game under the name of "chaturanga" is even older still, by some two or three thousand years, seems very well authenticated. No precise date can be fixed for its introduction into Europe, but it is generally supposed that it was brought in by or learned from the Moslems. Of outdoor games, both quoits and polo date back some centuries before the Christian Era. Quoits was first played at the Olympic Games in 1453 B.C., and Homer mentions the throwing of the quoit or *discus* as one of the funeral games instituted by Achilles in honour of Patroclus. It is also related that Perseus inadvertently killed his grandfather in 1315 B.C. with a quoit. Mention is made of the game of polo as early as the sixth century before Christ, and the honour of having introduced this game seems to lie between Persia and Assam.

1952. Which Year in the Present Century has Brought the Greatest Prosperity to the British Empire?

1850-51. The long peace which followed Napoleon's overthrow, 1815, had given us time for recuperation, and opportunities for developing the conditions favourable to a great burst of national prosperity. In 1849 the chief of a long series of important changes in our commercial system was completed. These included the repeal of the corn duties, the removal of the restrictions imposed on our foreign trade by the Navigation laws, and the final adoption and application of the principles of Free Trade. The apostles of Free Trade saw their principles substantially vindicated the following year. The immense impetus given to trade coincided with the rapidly increasing railway and telegraph systems, and combined to make 1850-1 a year of phenomenal commercial activity and growth throughout our Empire. The revenue returns showed an enormous expansion in our foreign and colonial trade. For the first time we reaped the full advantage of our superior manufactures and inventions, and enjoyed the benefit of a greatly increased cheap food supply from abroad. The year, in fact, marked the rise of what has since proved to be the greatest wave of our Empire's prosperity—a wave which visited and benefited all our great colonies, and which has continued, with no material checks, to increase in volume and extent to the present day.

1953. What Bird Builds the most Artistic Nest?

It is difficult to discriminate between the claims of the Gardener bird of Papua, the Humming-bird, and, of British songsters, the Longtailed Titmouse. The nest of the Gardener bird is built round the stem of a growing shrub, measures a yard across at the base, has an arched doorway, and is tent-like in shape. The most fairy-like of mosses, and flowers of every shade of colour, adorn both the nest itself and the ground beneath. As if to add a further beauty to the scene, brilliantly-coloured insects are captured, and are effectively disposed at intervals round the walls of the nest. The home of the Humming-

bird, no bigger than a walnut-shell, is composed of the most delicate mosses and flowering lichens beautifully welded together, and usually protected by a large overhanging leaf. The nest of the Longtailed Tit, built of moss, hair, and wool, artistically woven together, with its inner covering of soft, downy feathers, is too well known to need further description.

1954. What Animal goes through the Most Numerous Metamorphoses before Reaching its Final Stage?

The frog. The jelly-like substance in the water speckled with black spots—the eggs—is the first stage. Presently, under the influence of the sun's warmth, the eggs separate, and each by means of a sucker clings to some weed or other body in the water. In its next stage it acquires gills and a tail, by means of which it can move about readily and quickly at will. This is the tadpole period, when it resembles a fish, except that it has no fins. Then a pair of hind legs appears and, subsequently, front legs are developed, thus carrying it altogether out of the category of fishes. The mouth widens, while an important internal change develops lungs, which supersede the temporary gills and enable the animal to live on land as easily as it did before in the water. The blood diverted from the gills, passes to the lungs, and a corresponding change takes place in the arrangements of the blood-vessels. The frog thus passes through eight transformations, each bringing it one step nearer to its final stage.

1955. Which is the Most Striking Example of the Aphorism, "A Little Knowledge is a dangerous Thing"?

The behaviour and beliefs of the modern Anarchists. They are men of some intelligence and information, but their knowledge is limited and shallow. They know something about chemistry, but the bombs they manufacture do more harm to themselves than to the public. They can make explosives, but they make them badly, so that they go off at the wrong time. They have been at work in the British Islands for thirteen years, and they have succeeded in killing one man in Ireland and one boy in Great Britain. On the other hand, they have slain several of their own number, and nearly twenty of them have been sent to penal servitude. Their defective knowledge is seen also in their theory. They know enough of society to be aware of some of its evils, but they cannot penetrate below the surface, and they do not perceive the extreme complexity of the social organization. They therefore rush to a hasty conclusion, and propose a remedy for the ills of mankind which would only aggravate the mischief. A similar defect of knowledge existed amongst the early French revolutionists. They hastily adopted a theory of society which, when put into practice, brought about the terrible deeds of the Reign of Terror, and ultimately proved impracticable.

1956. Which Part of the British Isles would Probably Hold Out Longest against Invaders?

Assuming for the moment that aerial warfare has not become general at the time of the supposed invasion, there are three localities which would probably make the most effectual resistance against the attacking party—the district known officially as the Portsmouth Defences, the Principality of Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland. Of these one is rather inclined to favour the last-named. The Highland country is so mountainous and rugged as to make the difficulties in the way of conquest well-nigh insuperable. A small but efficient troop of men fighting a kind of guerilla warfare would successfully cope against the largest armies in these mountain fastnesses, provided that the defenders had sufficient provision and ammunition. At an early period of history the well-disciplined Roman Legions were completely discomfited in their attempted subjugation of the hardy inhabitants of the Highlands. In further illustration of this theory, we may cite the fruitless endeavours which were made by England to penetrate these natural barriers, all of which goes to prove that the Highlands would hold out when all other parts of the British Isles had been compelled to surrender.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1981. Which is the oldest art?
1982. Did birds or beasts come first?
1983. Of which country has the social condition been most affected by its physical features?
1984. What is the most reliable method of investigating the currents in large bodies of water?
1985. Which civilised nation has best managed to preserve its purity of race?
1986. Which is the most remarkable instance in history of man and wife attaining to individual greatness?
1987. Is there any means by which it can be ascertained with certainty what were the staple articles of food in prehistoric ages?
1988. Which is the least useful of the physical sciences?
1989. Are there any salt rivers?
1990. What English town has undergone the least change during the present century?

A Boon for Professional and Mercantile Men now Provided for by a Life Insurance Policy:

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS.

Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to learn that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, are now transacting the above class of business.

Policies are issued against Sickness alone, or against Sickness combined with Accidents, for Amounts from £1 to £10 per week.

NO LIABILITY BEYOND PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.

Insure against a contingency which must arise sooner or later.

Apply for prospectus to the—

Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited,
40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

RICHARD J. FAULL, General Manager.

Among the above replies is rather an unusually interesting one, showing the sort of stuff that anarchists are made of.

WHAT THEY THINK OF IT.

BESSIE.

DEAR Tom, he had something to tell me, I know,
There was such a sad look in his deep, earnest eyes,
And he lingered so long when the time came to go,
As we stood on the balcony under the skies.
And then, when I gave him the flower at the gate,
It brought such a quick, happy flush on his cheek—
I wish I could tell him; but, no, I must wait
Till the poor, loving fellow finds courage to speak.

HER YOUNGER SISTER.

I think it is time for Tom Reynolds to speak;
It is mean, it is shameful to treat Bessie so.
He calls and he calls on her week after week—
He's a stupid old stick-in-the-mud of a beau.
And here I can't go to as much as a dance
For fear I'll get married and leave her behind.
Oh, if ever Tom Reynolds but gives me the chance,
I'll wake him up once with a piece of my mind!

HER MOTHER.

I think I shall sound Mr. Reynolds next week,
And learn if he has any purpose in view.
I'll tell him I like him, but feel I should speak,
As he keeps away others who like Bessie too.

TOM.

Another night gone! What a fool I have been!
And I went there this evening expressly to speak;
But time after time, when I tried to begin,
I choked at the words, and grew trembling and weak,
And she came to the gate when I started to leave,
To tell of the picnic and ask me to come,
And rested her soft little hand on my sleeve,
And I could have died for her sake, yet was dumb.
Oh, it makes my blood boil! She must pity me too—
More likely despise me. Well, let it pass;
Some man ought to win her—Tom Reynolds, not you,
A poor, craven, cowardly, consummate ass.

A NEW FISH STORY.

MR. ANGLER: "It sometimes occurs that, in trout fishing particularly, all the known arts of the piscator will fail to lure the wary game, and once I remember having to try a very unorthodox recourse."

Mr. Listener: "Yes? What was that?"

Mr. Angler: "I was fishing one day in the Sprain brook, and discovered in an old pool a trout that must have weighed seven pounds. I tempted him first with all the artificial bait at my command, from grey hackle to flamingo flies, shook a button off my flannel shirt into his eye, offered him a strawberry on a hook and a forelock of my red head, flattered all the known brands of worms in front of his suggestive mouth, and wasted all my lunch on him in the way of decoy; and when I was just about to give it up in despair a thought struck me.

"Acting upon it, I went to a neighbouring farmhouse, borrowed a two-quart syringe used for the demolition of insect pests, walked back, and drew all the water out of the pool, and walking into the exhausted reservoir, picked up my seven-pound speckled trout."

THE WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

A SOLDIER, struck in the knee while on the march, continued to march along with his company quite unconscious of the wound until his comrades noticed that the leg of his trousers was saturated with blood; yet he had by that time lost so much blood that he died.

Another man was struck slightly in the arm and severely in the body; he was conscious of the former but not of the latter. After a short time he was able to get the doctor to attend to his arm, but while it was being done he fell back dead from the effects of the more severe injury.

On the other hand, a slight wound will sometimes cause such pain all over the body that the sufferer begins to think that he has been riddled with bullets.

The fact is, that the amount of pain varies with the mental state of the person, as well as with the extent of the injury—that is, the number of nervous centres which are affected.

A mortal wound, if a small one, may be almost painless; whereas an unimportant one, if it extend over a large surface—such as a long scratch or cut—will occasion great pain.

The nature of the pain varies also according to the nature of the wound. Injuries from firearms, when they cause an appreciable amount of pain, provoke a burning sensation at the mouth of the wound; when there is a fracture the burning feeling is accompanied by shooting and pricking pains.

If the bone is struck without being fractured a numb feeling is experienced, quickly followed by sharp pains. When the muscles and sinews are hurt there is a "drawing" or twitching sensation.

The above remarks apply also to wounds caused by splinters from shells and by bullets. The sensations experienced from wounds caused by cannon-balls can hardly be dealt with, as those so hit are generally killed outright.

TO THE WORKHOUSE.

THE workhouse waggon drew up at the old farmhouse door in the early morning light, and the overseer got out and knocked on the door with the butt of his whip.
"Hey," quavered a thin voice within; "who's there?"
"We've come for yer, mother," said the overseer.
"Who calls me mother?" asked the tremulous voice, and then the door was opened by a shaky hand, and an old woman, dressed in shawl and hood, stood in the doorway.

"I member," she said slowly, nodding towards the waggon, "but if Jim knew—if Jim knew—that his poor mother was goin' to the workhouse it 'ud break his heart."
"Ar' yer ready, mother?" asked the man gently.
"Yes, I be. I ain't slept since I heerd ye were comin' for me. It's all right, an' I don't blame ye, but it's hard to hev worked all yer life an' raised a family, and then die in the workhouse. It'll a-most kill Jim when he knows."

The man on the doorstep coughed and turned away, pretending to examine the wisteria that blossomed over the door. Not for worlds would he have told her that he was only carrying out Jim's orders.

She came out slowly, looking with vague wondering eyes at all she was leaving; and the trees she and Harvey—that was her husband—had planted when they were young; at the beds of flowers, and the lilac bushes at the gate. She stooped and gathered some of the fragrant flowers, and then she looked up at the window of one room that meant to her bridehood, wifehood, motherhood. Little Carrie had died there—Harvey had looked his best in the heaven of her eyes there. That was nigh on to forty years ago. Why, where was God this fair summer morning that He had forgotten her, and let her go to the workhouse?

"Hurry up, mother," said the man gently; "we're to call for another paup—passenger a bit further down the road. 'Tain't much you're a-leavin'—with a short laugh. He was trying to make the best of it.

He helped her into the waggon, and in the golden light of another new day they moved on, jogging along the country road, sweet with the scented life of Nature, until they reached the stile that led into the old graveyard, where the sentinel stones shone among the trees in their strange dumb whiteness.

"Oh, ef you didn't mind—if I could just say a word to Harvey—it would help me so much, an' I wouldn't be long—I wouldn't keep you waitin'."

"All right, mother." The overseer jumped out and helped her to the ground. "Don't be long, there's a good soul," and he lit his pipe and talked to the driver, apologising for his weakness.

"'Tain't like as if she were a common pauper," he said. "There are folks here as remember when she was the beauty of the village; and they do say it is this son Jim that has run through with the property, an' is gettin' her out of the way so he won't have to pay for her keep. I wouldn't tell her for a ten-pound note."

No. It was not Time she was taking, but Eternity. When the overseer went to look for her, she lay with her withered cheek pressed to the moss-grown stone that bore the name of her husband, and a smile that seemed to be a reflected glory from Paradise lit up her peaceful face. It had come to her in one brief moment, the assurance that she would not go to the workhouse, and then—she had gone home.

A SHREWD confectioner has taught his parrot to say "Pretty Creature" to every lady who enters his shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

ONE of the most startling unanticipated replies on record was that of the "Mother's-help," a young lady versed in all present-day attainments, who in reply to the address, "I want a person of some experience in the nursery—do you know much about children?" cheerfully retorted, "Oh, dear, yes, I've dissected a baby."

12 MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID = £60.

MR. J. FERGUSON, Fountain Place, Loanhead, N.B. Arm broken. March 28th.

MR. A. M. RICKETTS, 8, Pearson Street, Roath, Cardiff. Collar-bone broken. March 27th.

MR. F. ARMSTRONG, Forest Buildings, Innerleithen. Leg broken. March 31st.

MR. L. THORNE, "Horse and Jockey," Pump Street, Worcester. Arm broken. March 30th.

MR. A. G. HANNAFORD, The Hill, Chulmleigh, Devonshire. Leg broken. March 28th.

MR. E. MARTIN, St. Mark's Road, Easton, Bristol. Collar-bone broken. March 17th.

MR. J. CLARK, Low Bentham, near Lancaster. Arm broken. March 31st.

MR. A. BLACKLOCK, 14, Buccleuch Road, Selkirk. Collar-bone broken. April 15th.

MR. J. SIMPSON, 49, Hadrian Road, Wallsend. Collar-bone broken. April 7th.

MR. T. M. SUTTON, 29, East Raby Street, Darlington. Arm broken. March 27th.

MR. H. BAILEY, 23, Commercial Road, Nelson. Leg broken. April 12th.

MR. A. H. PUNDINGTON, 8, Alexander Street, Southend, Essex. Broken collar-bone. April 14th.

Each had a signed coupon at the time of accident, and the Ocean Company have forwarded each a cheque for £5.

FROM HIM THAT HATH, ETC.

THE Sunday-school needed money, and Mr. Smith, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half-a-crown. At the end of a month the principal, together with what it earned, was to be returned to him.

The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smith had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss accounts, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?"

"My half-a-crown has earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a balo.

"Good," said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common talent. Who can tell but what we may have a budding Cæsar among us. Johnnie, you have done well."

"And now, Thomas, how much has your half-crown earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What, not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost," said Mr. Smith. "How was that?"

"I tossed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."

SOOT MERCHANTS.

THERE are many more pleasant ways of spending half an hour than wandering about a soot store. Still, in the cause of *Pearson's Weekly* and its army of readers, I swallowed my repugnance and a little soot at the same time, and dived the other day down a flight of steps into the grimy, smut-laden air of a sort of underground warehouse.

One half of the apartment was piled up to the ceiling with sacks, and in a corner was a big heap of cinders that had been sifted from the soot when it came in, for soot is all passed through a sieve before it is finally packed for sending out.

Most of the soot that leaves this country goes to the West Indies, where it is used as manure for fertilising the sugar canes. In fact, the only use to which this stuff can be put is as manure.

Some few years ago, soot was a great deal more valuable than it is to-day, and at that time it used to be freely adulterated with cocoanut fibre and with very fine sawdust dyed with copperas. As, however, both these commodities are now widely utilised in other and more profitable directions, the adulteration of soot is confined to the white ash from boiler flues, which is, as a matter of fact, ordinary soot from which the carbon has been burnt by the excessive heat, and which is quite useless as manure.

But this is getting less used every day, for it is very heavy, and does not bulk well, and as soot is usually sold by measure it scarcely pays at all to mix any foreign ingredient with the genuine article.

HOW TO BEAT THE LANDLORD DOWN.

THE little woman climbed the steps to the house carrying a baby in her arms, and was duly ushered into the parlour. Then the tall woman entered.

"We've been neighbours for some time," suggested the little woman in a friendly way.

"Nearly six months," responded the tall one graciously.

"And I've been waiting for you to call."

"And I for you. It was for you to call first."

"Oh, dear no," returned the little woman quickly. Then she added, "But never mind. We ought to be friends. We can be of great assistance to each other at times."

"It's quite likely." Then, as a sudden suspicion entered her mind. "You wish to borrow—"

"Nothing—nothing at all," explained the little woman hastily. "I was thinking of your children. You have several, I believe?"

"Four," said the tall woman. "Two boys and two girls."

"And they cry sometimes?"

"I beg your pardon!" haughtily.

"Oh, don't apologise. So do mine. Now, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock a tall man with a sandy moustache will call at my house, and if you could watch for him—"

"I watch for him! Why, madam—"

"Yes, if you'd be so kind. And when you see him if you'll make some of your children cry—"

"Make my children cry. Madam, you must be crazy."

The tall woman seemed insulted.

"No, no. You don't understand," said the little woman deprecatingly. "You see, he's our landlord, and he's going to raise the rent next month when the lease expires, but if I could only show him troublesome and disagreeable neighbours it would make a difference, of course. Squalling children, you know—"

"Yes, yes; I know. Do you really think it would make any difference?"

"Oh, I know it would."

"And next May?"

"I'll do as much for you."

When you hear a noise downstairs in the middle of the night, don't go burglar-hunting and get your head smashed.
Turn over and slumber peacefully. You are insured.

NEW AND STRANGE.

It will be remembered that last winter the Froth Food Agency distributed, through the medium of P. W., a ton of their food to the starving children of London. In sending me a sample loaf of their bread the other day they explained that a half-quarter loaf corresponds in food value to 1lb. of lean beefsteak and 2½lbs. of potatoes. This statement is based on unquestionable authorities. The bread can be made by any baker from the recipe, to be obtained from the agency, at 241, Caledonian Road, N.

SUCH sympathy with cyclists as that shown by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway would be difficult to beat. This enterprising company has built a number of special goods waggons and luggage vans for the sole accommodation of cycles, the machines being suspended between movable bars, with a view to keeping them steady and less liable to be injured by the jolting of the train. Considering that the company has practically nothing to gain by the innovation, I call their action most praiseworthy, don't you?

THE Americans are great on fire escapes. But they might with advantage use a little more forethought than that shown in the manipulation of a new idea of the kind which has been fitted to one of the New York hotels, and which consists, roughly speaking, of a number of substantial ladders simultaneously dropped from the balconies into the street below by the hall porter, on the alarm of fire. Distinctly advantageous so far as the hotel people are concerned, but rather rough on the folk who happen to be passing in front of the building at the moment.

I WENT the other afternoon to Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall, who have on show there an electric piano. To all appearances it is an ordinary upright instrument, and it can be used as such; but by turning a switch the electrical part of the business gets to work, and the keys depress themselves in a most uncanny way. The speed can be regulated to a nicety, while the crescendo and diminuendo effects are worthy of a Paderewski. The music is produced by rolls of perforated paper, like those used in the organette, so that the number of tunes is practically unlimited.

BALLOONS will undoubtedly take a very active part in the warfare of the future. They will be used for purposes least anticipated by the enemy, and many a little surprise is in store for those who follow the profession of arms, when two or more big European Powers come to loggerheads. Electrical signalling by balloon at night-time is an idea conceived and carried out by an Englishman. The balloon is transparent, and inside are half a dozen incandescent lamps connected with a battery on terra firma, and manipulated on the Morse system of long and short flashes.

A MUCH-TRAVELLED gentleman from America called here the other morning with a patent cheque protector. In the States less care is exercised in making out cheques than here, with the result that alterations from small amounts to large ones are frequently made, and it is wonderful how easily this sort of thing can be carried out with the use of certain acids and a little ingenuity. The den of the "Lion" protector is at 63 and 64, Chancery Lane, and its mission is to emboss, stretch, and abraid the paper in such a way that any alteration in the writing of the cheque is absolutely impossible.

MANY and varied are the schemes of the liquor rogue. One of them, and one in which he does a flourishing trade, is the re-filling of bottles bearing the stamp of some big and respectable maker with a concoction of his own, and in the selling of which both the original maker and the public suffer—the former monetarily, the latter often physically. But let us hope the efforts of a good firm of bottle-makers on behalf of both honest parties will bear early fruits. They insert in the necks of the bottles a simple contrivance which, while allowing the contents to be poured out, refuses to let anything pass through the other way.

WE have in this easy-going old country a hospital for animals. They have in America a hotel for horses. It is a big building just run up at Buffalo, and here every equine convenience is to be obtained at popular prices. When a horse comes in from a hard day's work, he rings for a lift, goes upstairs to his apartments, has a Russian or a Turkish bath, dines and settles down for a night's rest. There are six storeys, and the hotel can accommodate several hundred gees at a time. Such an establishment as this is badly wanted in our great metropolis, and you would think so too, if you had a chance of looking over a few dens where horses are kept, called stables.

MANY inventions have been patented for the purpose of obviating the trouble and annoyance commonly experienced in inserting links in cuffs. Most of these have related to the links themselves, but recently an improved cuff has been placed on the market known as the "Eliant," in which special link holes are formed which allow the links to be inserted without difficulty. There is also little danger with these cuffs of injuring the hole, as they are arranged to open freely, closing again immediately the link has been inserted. The holes, instead of being simply straight slits, as in the ordinary case, are of L shape, so that a corner piece can be pressed out to allow the link to pass, at the same time preventing it coming out. The holes in the two sides of the cuff are arranged in opposite directions, enabling the links to be held as firmly as with the ordinary holes.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope **FATHER**. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

THE Empress Eugenie is passionately devoted to English wild flowers.

SOMEONE has discovered that the Queen of Spain never uses blotting paper, but dries her letters by waving them in the air.

PADEREWSKI, the ivory thumper, claims that he has received 50,000 requests for his photograph and his autograph from his fair admirers.

THE Queen rarely sends any telegrams to any member of the Royal family or to her intimate friends otherwise than in cipher, a system of figure ciphers having been carefully prepared for her and their use.

It is to be noted with interested amazement that some maniac has offered £10,000 for the little brass bed in which the Emperor of Austria slept during his recent stay at the hotel Cap Martin, on the Riviera.

ON the ordinary needle one would not look for pictorial embellishments, and yet the Queen is the possessor of one which represents the Trojan column in miniature, and several scenes from her life are depicted on it so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

APPROPOS of the engagement of Lord Salisbury's fourth son, it is said that the Cecils are fond of nicknames. Lord William, "the clergyman son," is known to his intimates as "Fish;" the youngest of the flock, Lord Hugh, as "Linky;" and the bridegroom elect, Lord Edward, as "Nigga." The daughters of the family, clever and charming, are not distinguished by their beauty, and some one who was a bit of a wag, in a merry moment, christened them "The Salisbury Plains."

THE ways of the European are spreading even so far as Central Asia, for since the Emir of Bokhara visited St. Petersburg he has quite adopted Western habits. Among other things he has taken to throwing open his palace to Russian ladies and to giving regular balls. As his present palace is not well suited for these festive gatherings, and seems bare and gloomy after the luxury and comforts he met with in the West, he has now invited a French architect to build him another habitation in European style and suited to his new humour.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and the Princess of Wales have declared themselves in sympathy with the new crusade against women hunting. Perhaps riding to hounds is essentially a manly recreation, but there are few masculine privileges to which women do not lay claim nowadays, and surely the modern votaries of Diana should not be forbidden the fine, vigorous, and healthy exercise they seem so fond of patronising in spite of falling horses, broken limbs, and fractured skulls. And yet it is said, moreover, that several ladies of rank and position have testified their approval of the new movement, and are ready to take up the cudgels of war.

A STATE dinner is seldom given on a Friday by the Austrian Court, and therefore the German Emperor recently interfered considerably with many pious consciences by entering Vienna on that day.

It became necessary to prepare two menus, the one fat and other lean so to speak, and a list of the dishes of the two separate meals was placed beside the plate of every guest. Altogether there were eighty dining at the Imperial table, and of these only four cared to avail themselves of the simple fasting fare—the Austrian Emperor, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, and two cardinals. All of which shows what a farce the fasting of many is in these days.

IF Sir William Harcourt had not chosen to become a politician, it is probable that he might have earned a very respectable livelihood as a conjurer. Not five per cent. of those who listen to Sir William speaking, either in the House of Commons or at some public banquet, have any idea that his speeches are almost invariably read out word for word from type-written manuscript. However, although he generally contrives to escape detection, he has long been in the habit of writing out his speeches, and some of his cleverest hits, which seem generated on the spur of the moment, are the result of careful cogitation and much tinkering. The manner in which he will conceal a whole sheaf of papers, and turn over page after page without being discovered, is art pure and simple.

EVERYONE knows that Mr. F. N. Charrington resigned a large interest in the famous brewing firm on conscientious grounds, but until lately the true facts of the case have not been published. When he was little more than a boy Mr. Charrington was staying in the South of France, and there he chanced to make the acquaintance of the Rev. Marcus Balford, a well-known English clergyman. The two became fast friends, and the result of the acquaintanceship was that Mr. Charrington began to look at things in a wholly different light, and when he returned to London he commenced to take an active interest in the condition of the poor.

One day he happened to be walking through one of the lowest quarters of the East-end when he saw a poor, ill-clothed woman standing outside a public-house and pleading with her husband for a little money to buy some bread for her children. In reply he knocked her down. The next moment something made Mr. Charrington look up, and there, at the top of the public-house, he saw his own name in very large gold letters glittering in the sun—Charrington, Head, and Co.

He walked away filled with sudden sadness. "If this is the sort of thing for which I am responsible," he thought, "if it is my money and my influence that cause this crime and suffering, I will never have anything more to do with the trade."

There and then he told his father that he could never succeed him in the business, and immediately resigned. His brother stepped into his shoes, and is to-day a millionaire, but when Mr. Charrington, sen., lay on his death-bed he called his eldest son to him, and said, "You are right, Fred; you have taken the proper course," and in his will he left Mr. F. N. Charrington enough to yield him a competency.

CYCLING NOTES.

FURIOUS riding on the part of individuals who labour under the misapprehension that the roads were intended for their use solely is one of the greatest evils that the vast body of respectable cyclists have to contend against. They are the greatest sufferers, for unfortunately the evil repute gained by the "flyer" who careers along the highways at a reckless speed attaches to all cyclists, and makes them objects of aversion to other users of the road. The cycling papers have cried out against the practice, respectable clubs have tried to put it down, the National Cyclists' Union has moved in the matter, but all in vain. The cycling rowdy's withers are unrun. The thing has grown to such an excess that in some districts the police have had to lay down special regulations to cope with it.

POSITION is very commonly said to be everything. If it is not quite everything in cycling, it is certainly a good deal. The humped position of the "scorcher" is an ungainly extravagance, and should be avoided by all who cycle for the pleasure and health out of it. The "scorcher" stoops to his work because he has not an idea in his head beyond a desire to move at a fast pace, very often to the alarm and terror of Her Majesty's subjects who are satisfied to cover space in a natural way. The "scorcher" is in such a hurry to get somewhere that you begin to think he must have something to do there; but he hasn't. He uses his objective only for the purpose of turning back.

To avoid the eccentric hunch-backing of the mere scorcher, the sane rider must pay attention to the position of the saddle and the handles. The latter should be raised and brought round sufficiently to be within easy reach of the rider without necessitating an ugly stoop or leaning forward. The position of the saddle is very important. In this connection the anatomy of the human body enforces certain conditions.

The rider cannot alter his anatomy without a good deal of personal discomfort and inconvenience, to say nothing of loss of valuable time, but the cycle-maker comes to his rescue with devices for adapting the saddle to the requirements of all. No hard and fast rule can be laid down on the subject. The rider should keep varying the position and "tilt" of the saddle till it suits him exactly, and no ride should be undertaken till this has been done, as few things weary the cyclist more than a misplaced seat.

M. A. HOLBEIN has finally retired from long distance racing and record-breaking. Mr. Holbein was the originator of the present craze for twelve and twenty-four hours' contests, and there is little doubt that the very genuine notice which some of his wonderful feats attracted drew to cycling the attention of many who might otherwise never have thought of it.

Four or five years ago Holbein's achievements seemed, and were, marvellous, and although some of his greatest efforts have been beaten by men who came after him, aided by the improvements in machines and tyres that have been effected year after year, he must always be remembered as one of the greatest cyclists we have seen. He was better as a breaker of records than in competition, and in the former capacity he has not been approached even by his renowned rival, F. W. Shorland. The most extraordinary thing about Holbein, considering that he was a crack cyclist, was that he was modest almost to a fault.

PERHAPS the most conspicuous cycling personality in England is that of Mr. George Lacy Hillier, who won all the English championships in 1881, and who in his fortieth year takes more interest in cycle racing than the most ardent boy in the country. As hon. sec. of the London County Club, Mr. Hillier has made that institution one of the leading cycling organisations in the world. His honorary work alone is enough to appal most men, and although people often wonder how he does it, he always seems ready and willing to take on more.

A ready writer, Mr. Hillier contributes voluminously to the cycling papers; and, being of a combative disposition, he will tackle the most doughty opponents on any conceivable cycling question. He has also found time to write an excellent book on "training."

Mr. Hillier is a clever speaker, and, being a "strong" man, everything he writes and says is regarded with interest. Although he gives most of his attention to racing matters, he is in the forefront in all cycling affairs. He is one of the leading men on the "National Cyclists' Union"; is always a conspicuous figure at the Harrogate and Southern Counties "camps"; is a whale at organising little trips to the Continent; never misses an important cycling function, and may be seen every week on the Ripley Road. Mr. Hillier is a charming conversationalist, and is worshipped by a considerable following. Like a great many sportsmen, he is a stockbroker by profession.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.38 p.m. on Saturday, May 12th, and two minutes later for every evening till May 19th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, May 19th, 1894.

When the burglar's not engaged in his employment
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—reading "Short Stories."

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CXX.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD, AND HOW SHE WORKS FOR HOME RULE.

THIS can Home Rule boast. It can number among its champions the most beautiful woman in the world. One cannot describe the irresistible charm of her face nor say what subtle magic draws you to her and compels you to listen with strained attention to every word she speaks, although you may not cherish the same passionate devotion to the cause of Irish independence, or devotion at all.

A brow crowned with a halo of golden hair, large eyes, now fired with indignation, now bathed in tears of pity, a slender, graceful figure emphasising every gesture, a voice full of eloquence and pathos, the whole appearance stamped with a character of supreme elegance—such is Miss Maude Gonne.

She is an Irish girl now thrilling Europe with her tale of Irish wrongs, everywhere leaving a deep impression and winning the hearts of all who hear her by her beauty and her enthusiasm.

Miss Gonne is for Home Rule and total separation. The ambition of her life will be fulfilled when the day dawns to see Ireland a Republic for weal or for woe.

She is an advocate of peace, but to gain her end, she would, if necessary, take up the sword and win the day with anybody's aid, France and Russia not excepted. A dangerous enthusiast, forsooth!

Miss Gonne is the daughter of an officer in the English army, although her father has been dead for some years now. He came of a good old Irish family, and from him she inherited much of her sympathy with her country's aspirations for autonomy.

Born less than thirty years ago near the Gap of Dunloe, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, she was sent to a high school in England soon after the passing of her tenth birthday, and there she received that thorough education which has stood her in such good stead through life.

Her heart was first enlisted in the cause of Ireland during a visit to her home in 1880. It was on this holiday that she witnessed an incident which was to mould the whole course of her future career, and it is the memory of this and other tragic scenes which have sent her on her pilgrimage of passion.

Within easy distance of her old home is the beautiful region of Glengariff. Here, on the coast of Bantry Bay, lived one Michael McGrath with his wife, sister, and four little children. This was in the fierce fighting days of the Land League movement.

Now it chanced that the lord of the soil, Lord Bantry, wanted Michael McGrath's homestead for a higher bidder. By way of getting rid of his old tenant, he raised the rent from £48 to £105. McGrath could not pay, and the result was his speedy eviction.

The blow was all the crueler because McGrath had built the dwelling-house himself. He did not want to give it up, and with Parnell's new watchword, ringing in his ears, "Keep a firm grip on your homesteads," he barricaded the doors, and obstinately refused to budge an inch.

For five long anxious days, five sleepless nights, he withstood the bailiffs' siege, throwing boiling water on the evicting force whenever it ventured within reach. Boiling water is an argument which few men have the pluck to face. But before a week had passed the last scant ration went, and the poor farmer was forced to surrender his home.

The capitulation, however, by no means ended the struggle. After a day or two spent in hiding, the head of the family calmly went back to his little property. Thereupon he was hustled off to prison.

Then his wife took possession. When the news reached the ears of the infuriated landlord, she too was sentenced to imprisonment. While the police were marching her off, the sister and the eldest daughter made an entrance to the old home, and in due course suffered the same fate.

However, by this time McGrath had been released and he straightway went back to his farm. When he went to prison for the second time his wife was free to take up the struggle, which she promptly proceeded to do, and as they went on. Three times the four McGraths returned to the old home, one after the other, and three times they were incarcerated. After this Lord Bantry let the house to the ground.

Even then this plucky Irish farmer was not to be beaten. He was an agriculturist, but he was a fisherman too, and he dragged his boat up the beach, turned her upside down, and using her sails instead of walls, he found himself still keeping a "firm grip" on his holding. One month passed after he had taken up his residence in this queer shelter, when he was suddenly stretched on his death-bed with typhus fever.

It was a bleak October evening fifteen years ago. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the great waves lashed sullenly against the rocks. A little girl of fourteen was battling her way along in the face of the wind, and reaching the strange house made of an upturned boat, she saw McGrath's shivering family, and she saw

his dead face wet with the rain that the icy wind blew in. She learned the whole sad story, and the ghastliness of the sight sickened her.

One can easily imagine the impression such a solemn scene would make upon so young a mind. The girl ran home sobbing as if her little heart would break, partly from fear and partly because her tender heart was wrung by the terrible sufferings of that starving family as they huddled together in their rags beside the solemn corpse of the old fisherman and farmer.

So great was the shock on her nerves that it was several weeks before the little girl was able to leave her room. Slowly she recovered her strength, and with the first breath of consciousness she whispered in her father's ear, while her white arms entwined themselves round his neck, that she had made a vow to "do something for Ireland yet." That little girl was Maude Gonne.

It was six years after that memorable night, the memory of which haunts her like a nightmare, that her father died, leaving her a snug fortune. At that time, the prospect in Ireland looked exceedingly bright, from her point of view at all events. Parnell was at the height of his power, and Gladstone had just become a convert to the policy he once had scorned.

Miss Gonne therefore devoted herself to travel. She was in St. Petersburg in 1887, having travelled from Constantinople alone. Born a Protestant, she became a Buddhist with theories of pre-existence. But in all her pilgrimage from shrine to shrine, she never for one moment forgot her mission, and in 1889 she returned to Ireland thinking her time had come, and ready to devote herself body and soul to the cause.

One of her first steps was to organise a relief fund, and her own wealth she distributed with a most lavish hand in lightening the drear distress which followed evictions and imprisonments.

When the split came in the Home Rule ranks over the leadership, and there were two Irish parties, one for Home Rule and the other for separation, Miss Gonne wrote several stirring articles both in the English and Irish press urging her countrymen to stand by their old leader. As the dissension grew, she left Ireland and began her present crusade—a somewhat fantastic mission for the purpose of founding an association of friends of Irish freedom on the continent.

She started with France, and means to go through the whole of Europe and afterwards to America. It is hardly necessary to say that this picturesque advocate of the Irish cause is a talented linguist. Her voice, which commands every note of passion and of tenderness, can hold great audiences spell-bound for hours; she knows at once how to inform and how to persuade. She has forced attention wherever she has been, and her patriotic if mistaken efforts have been crowned with success, attended by large subscriptions to her fund for the relief of the distressed.

Everywhere she has been received with unbounded enthusiasm, and those who have seen her face to face, and listened to the sweet notes of her voice, best know the reason why. As our readers know, P. W. has no politics, and, therefore, expresses no opinion as to the rights and wrongs of the cause which Miss Gonne has so much at heart.

SOON the hat of straw
Will daily greet our eyes,
And aided by the wind
Give fat men exercise.

Mrs. DIMLING: "Mrs. Totling says her new gown is a perfect poem."

Mr. Dimling: "From the way I heard her husband swearing about the bill I thought it must be a blank verse."

A RECENTLY-DECEASED Duke was showing an American lady some of the sights of London, and, among other places, pointed out the House of Parliament.

"Well, well," she exclaimed, "what is that fine building? It isn't the gasworks, is it?"

"It is, madam," he replied, "of the whole British nation."

"WASN'T it sad about old Jobley's failure?"

"What! Has he failed?"

"Yes, gone clean smash."

"That's too bad. He promised me something yesterday; but now, in his trouble, I will not hold him to it."

"That's generous of you. What was it?"

"His daughter's hand in marriage."

IMPROVING.—One of the plainest men in Liverpool had a daughter about five years old. The other day she was sitting on his lap with a hand-glass before her. She looked at her father a moment, then looked at herself, and turned to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "did God make me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did He make papa, too?"

"Yes."

Then she took another look at herself.

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "He's doing a good deal better work lately, isn't He?"

THE STEEL PEN.

ONE of the trade journals makes public the information that the Birmingham steel pen trade is "buoyant." The weekly average production, it appears, exceeds 160,000 gross, in the manufacture of which from sixteen to eighteen tons of steel are used. When we remember that there are three or four pen factories in the United States, three in France, and one in Germany, the brain reels at the contemplation of the number of steel pens which are turned out yearly all over the world.

It is rather paralyzing, too, to reflect upon the amount of hand-writing which is represented by the above facts—the reams of paper covered by the penman, commercial and literary, of to-day. To be sure, the waste of steel inevitable in the making of pens is paralleled by the waste of pens which goes on after they are made.

It is notable that, amid all this prolific distribution of the steel pen, the quill should still hold its own fairly well. In all public places, where the variety of taste has to be considered, the quill ranks about equally with its rival, the latter, however, having the merit of the greater durability if but properly treated.

HOW SHE BECAME AN OLD MAID.

"WHY have you never married, aunty?"

"Because I have been a simpleton, child. Listen, and I will tell you the story. When I was your age I had many admirers. However, there were two to whom I was partial—Jack Poor and Fred Goodrich. One evening Fred called, and proposed marriage. I told him to call the second night following, and I would give him his answer. The next evening dear Jack called and—"

"Then Jack was your favourite?"

"Yes, Jack was my favourite; but I didn't know it until years afterwards. As I said, Jack called, and he also proposed. I did not accept him, however, but said I would give him an answer the next evening."

"Why, aunty, that would make it the same evening you promised to give Fred his answer."

"Yes. Well, the following evening they both called. Oh, what a fool I was. I told them that I thought as much of one as I did the other, and that it was impossible for me to choose between them."

"Why, aunty!"

"Yes, and I then said it must rest entirely with them which was to be my husband. With that I produced six different shades of ribbon of different texture, each piece of which I cut into three parts, giving six bits to each, and retaining six in my possession. They were to match the six shades in every particular, and the one who succeeded in matching them first was to claim me as his bride. I gave my solemn promise that I would remain single until one had matched them. As fast as they were matched they were to be sent to me."

"And did they think well of the idea?"

"Yes, indeed! Fred said he would send me a duplicate of at least three bits before breakfast. Jack thought it a fair proposition, and said he would get all his ribbons in first, if he had to move heaven and earth to do it. They both took their departure, Fred with a smiling face, and Jack with a somewhat sad look, which I shall never forget."

"Who has the larger number of bits to his credit now?"

"They both have the same."

"How many bits have they matched?"

"I have yet to receive my first bit, dear."

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Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, May 11th, 1894, until Midnight, Saturday, May 19th, 1894. (See column 3, page 699.)

8d. for rail, 2½d. for a substantial meat-pie, and 3½d. for a sufficiency of bread and butter, jam and milk. Could you lay out ninepence better than this?

SPECIAL COMPETITION
FOR THE INHABITANTS OF THE
SMALLER TOWNS & COUNTRY DISTRICTS.
No. 4.

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," said Puck. So far he has not done it. We are willing to match our own globe trotter against Puck any day.

THE SYREN OF THE SKIES.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution."

SUMMARY.

Two Prologues, under the title of "The Prophecy of Natas," forms a connecting link between the Revolution and the Syren of the Skies. It consists of a sermon left behind him by Natas, the Master of the Terror, in which he recounts the events and the issues of the world-war of 1894, and enjoins the Aerians, the descendants of the leaders of the Revolution, who have colonised Aeria—a mountain-walled valley in Central Africa, inaccessible by any other means than flight through the air—to rule the world as he and his companions have done for a hundred years from the date of his death, and then to leave the nations of the earth to their own devices.

Book I. Describes the surrender of the world-throne by the Supreme Council of Aeria, and the daring design by which Olga Romanoff, the descendant of Alexander Romanoff, the last of the Czar in the fifth generation, captures the *Ithuriel*, the flag-ship of the Aerians, remaining it the *Kesava*, and paralyses the will of Alan Arnold, son of the President of Aeria, and his friend Alexis Masorov, by a powerful narcotic, the secret of the preparation of which is hers alone.

Book II. Under its influence Alan and Alexis divulge to Olga the method of construction of the air-ships and their motive power. Olga thereupon builds a fleet of air-ships and submarine vessels. The latter, of which the *Narwhal* is the swiftest and most powerful, play havoc with the ocean commerce of the world. On the 1st of May, 1894, a message from Olga is received in Aeria, saying that Alan and Alexis have been liberated, and some hours later the air-ships sent to fetch them back bring a note from Alan to his father telling him how they have regained their freedom and captured the *Narwhal*. It also tells of their determination not to go back to Aeria till they have won the right to ask indulgence by crippling the Russian sea-power. When this letter is read to the Council it decides that Alan and Alexis, though the will of Alan Arnold, shall be invested with the first and second commands of the Aerian sea navy. Later on the same night Alma Tremayne and Isma Arnold, Alan's sister, discuss together the strange and terrible circumstances under which the lovers have come back to life, Alma declaring that Olga has placed an end to the quarrel between her and Alan, while Isma seeks to assure her that the *Narwhal* is sighted lying, according to arrangements, off Christmas Harbour in Kerguelen Island, the principal marine outpost of Aeria in the Southern Ocean. Here Alan learns of the reception of his letter, and of the command given to himself and Alexis. Here, too, he learns of the flight of the *Kesava*, and the destruction of the Russian air-ships. He assumes the command of the sea-forces of the station, and prepares to repel an attack which he knows that Olga is about to make on Kerguelen. Edward Forrest is in command of Kerguelen itself.

The *Narwhal*, which is fitted with a slender needle, terrestrially insulated, and so pivoted in front of the steering wheel that it will point directly to any vessel approaching within one thousand yards, is sent to patrol the Northern shore about three miles from the land. By very skilful manoeuvring, the *Narwhal* is mainly responsible for the destruction of almost the entire Russian submarine squadron, under the command of Michael, son of Orloff Lossenski, Olga's chief adviser in the war. In the air, too, a complete victory is gained by the Aerian ships, and Olga's force is compelled to beat a hasty retreat to the strong hold in Antarctica, a vast subterranean cave in the heart of Mount Terror, connected with the sea by a long tunnel. A description of its discovery, its fortifications, and its uses, is given by Alan, who, while under the influence of Olga's drug, had there assisted in the building of air-ships and submarine vessels for the Russian sea-power. Olga holds consultation with Orloff Lossenski, who advises her to wait awhile until swifter and more powerful vessels have been built. Alan and Alexis then head the *Narwhal* with all speed for Mount Terror, where they carry out most successfully Alexis' plan for blowing up the tunnel. On their onward journey they sight the remnants of the Russian squadron coming back from Kerguelen. They take the fleet by surprise and destroy every vessel. On the reception of the news at Aeria, Alan and Alexis are put in command of the air-ship fleet for a period of one year.

Meanwhile, Lossenski takes to Khalid, the Sultan of the Moslem Empire, a formal offer of alliance from Olga. While discussing its terms, they are surprised by Alan and his crew in the *Ithuriel*, and under threat of destruction Khalid agrees not to make war upon any man for the space of one year. Two hours after the departure of Alan, Olga, with a fleet of air-ships, arrives on a visit to the Sultan. Under the influence of her fatal beauty, and the promise that she and all her people will accept the Koran, and acknowledge the prophet, an alliance is formed between the Sultan and Olga.

BOOK II.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ULTIMATUM.

A FEW minutes before twelve o'clock on the 19th of May one of the look-out vessels floating five thousand feet above the clouds which overhung Desolation Land telephoned "Fleet from Aeria in sight," and half an hour after the receipt of the anxiously-expected news at headquarters the fifty air-ships were grouped round the power-station at the head of Christmas Harbour, renewing the motive power which had been expended on the voyage from Aeria.

When this operation was completed the fleet was equipped for a voyage of thirty thousand miles if necessary. As every vessel was completely furnished with all stores and munitions of war no further preparations had been made, and Alan was able to give the signal for the flotilla to take the air in little more than an hour after its arrival at Kerguelen.

It was divided into two divisions of twenty-five ships each, one led by the *Ithuriel* and the other by the *Ima*, and these rose into the air formed in two straight lines each about a quarter of a mile long. The two flag-ships flew one on either flank, and slightly ahead and above the main body. This formation enabled any signals made from either of them to be instantly seen by every ship in the fleet.

Over
Alexandria.

The distance to be traversed was five thousand eight hundred geographical miles, and the voyage was performed at a speed of four hundred miles an hour without incident.

At daybreak on the 20th, the two divisions were floating in a wide circle six thousand feet above Alexandria at a sufficient distance to be practically invisible from the city, which nevertheless lay completely at the mercy of the four hundred guns which were trained upon it, and which, if the terms of the Council's ultimatum were not accepted by the Sultan and Olga, would reduce it to a wilderness of ruins within an hour from the signal to fire being given.

That the Russians were still the guests of the Sultan was made apparent as soon as the light became strong enough for their squadron to be seen resting on the earth in the gardens of the palace, with one look-out ship stationed about fifteen hundred feet above the roof of the palace. When all the ships were in their stations the *Ithuriel* and the *Ima* ran up close to each other, and Alexis boarded the flag-ship to receive his final instructions from Alan, who had undertaken the perilous duty of conveying the ultimatum to the Sultan and his possible ally.

Orloff Lossenski was on board the *Ithuriel*, and Alan requested him to be present when Alexis received his orders. As he shook hands with the Vice-Admiral, Alan said: "I have asked Orloff Lossenski to hear our last arrangements made so that he may recognise as well as we do that

this is a matter of life and death for all of us. For my own part, I am determined that the wishes of the Council shall be obeyed, or the *Ithuriel* and her crew shall be buried with our enemies in the ruins of Alexandria.

"We have not been seen yet from the Russian look-out ship, but they will of course see the *Ithuriel* going down. I shall descend flying a flag of truce, and I feel certain that the Sultan will recognise it himself and compel his allies to do so. But if not, if a single shot is fired, or if the Russian squadron attempts to rise in the air until my return, you are to give the signal to open fire upon the city, and the fleet is not to cease firing until it is destroyed.

"You are to forget that you are destroying friends as well as foes, for I and all on board the *Ithuriel* recognise that the honour of Aeria and the safety of the world demand the sacrifice, and we are resolved to make it.

"I not only order this as your superior in command, I ask it as a friend and brother in arms. I know you would gladly die in the same cause if necessary, and so you must hesitate to kill me and destroy the *Ithuriel* if the fortune of war compels you to do so."

The Parting
Order.

Alan's speech, spoken with the perfect steadiness of an unalterable resolve, found a fitting response in the breast of his companion in arms. Still holding his friend's hand in what might be a farewell clasp, Alexis simply replied:

"I see the necessity, and I will obey to the letter! God grant that you may all return safe and sound; but if you don't, you shall have such a tomb as no man ever had before. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Alan in the same steady tone, and then their hands parted, and Alexis returned to his ship.

"Now, Orloff Lossenski," said Alan turning to the Russian, "you have heard my instructions, and you know that they will be obeyed. Neither you nor your mistress have any right to expect mercy at my hands, and you shall have none. Obey my orders to the letter and see that your mistress does the same or Alexandria will be in ruins before that sun reaches the zenith."

"I have heard and I will obey, for the fortune of war is with you and I must," replied Lossenski, completely overmastered by the heroic devotion displayed by Alan in what bade fair to be a crisis in the fate of the world.

A broad white flag of truce was now flown from the aftermast of the *Ithuriel*. At the fore flew as a greeting to the Sultan the Star and Crescent of Islam, while above both at the main floated the sky-blue banner of Aeria, emblazoned with the golden wings united by a mailed hand armed with a dagger. With every man at his station and every gun ready for instant use the flagship dropped swiftly down towards the Russian vessel floating over the palace.

Within a mile of her the signal "We bring despatches to the Sultan," flew from the signal staff at the stern. The captain of the Russian scout-ship read the signal and at once telephoned to the palace, with which his ship was connected by an electric thread, for instructions.

The *Ithuriel* then flew a second signal, "If you rise we shall fire," and this he was forced to obey as the Aerian vessel was too far above him for his guns to come into play. He therefore replied with the signal, "I have asked for instructions. Wait for reply." A few minutes later Alan, keeping the Russian well under his guns, saw her drop down to the earth and alight on the flat roof of the palace, on which several figures could be seen moving about and scanning the skies with glasses, which were speedily centred on the *Ithuriel*.

Then a white flag was run up to the top of a flagstaff on one of the minarets of the palace, a similar one was hoisted by the Russian air-ship, and she rose towards the *Ithuriel*. Alan, feeling now sure that the flag of truce would be respected for the Sultan's sake, allowed the ship to come stern on to the *Ithuriel* until the two were within speaking distance.

As she approached, the Russian swung her stern guns out laterally, and Alan did the same with his, so that for the time being neither ship could injure the other. The stern doors were then opened, and the Russian captain delivered a message to the effect that the Sultan had just risen for morning prayers, and would receive the captain of the *Ithuriel* in half an hour. The Aerian vessel could therefore descend without fear.

"There is no question of fear," replied Alan shortly. "I have not come alone. Use your glasses and you will see that the city is surrounded, but we shall respect the truce if you do."

The Russian stepped back with a hurried gesture and seized his glasses. It was now quite light enough for him to see at that elevation a wide circle of points of flashing blue light reflected from the hulls of the Aerian fleet. He put down his glasses and replied:

"So I see! You would not have got here if patrols had been sent out as I advised."

"Or else your patrols would not have come back," said Alan turning on his heel and walking forward.

Half an hour later the white flag on the minaret was dipped three times as an invitation for the *Ithuriel* to descend, and Alan, determined to guard against any possible treachery on the part of the Russian scout-ship, signalled to it to precede him, and so the two vessels sank down and alighted almost together on the roof of the palace.

The Sultan surrounded by his ministers was awaiting them, and as soon as salutes had been exchanged Alan handed him the ultimatum of the Council. As Khalid read the brief but pregnant message his brows contracted, and an angry flush showed through the bronze of his skin.

He read it twice over, stroking his beard slowly and deliberately as he did so. Then he looked up and said to Alan in a tone from which he made no effort to banish the accents of anger:

"Was not my word enough? Have I not promised that I would make no war for a year? By what right do you order me to compel my friend and ally to leave my city within two hours?"

At the word "ally" Alan's face assumed an expression of wrathful sternness, and he replied:

"By the right which has always governed the issues of war—the power to compel obedience."

"To compel!" cried the Sultan, in a still angrier tone. "What! with one air-ship against fifteen? Not even a Prince of the Air could do that."

"No Prince of the Air would be mad enough to make the attempt," replied Alan coldly. "Ask the captain of your scout-ship, and he will tell you that your city is surrounded; and I can tell you that four hundred guns are trained upon it at this moment, and that the firing of a shot, or the rising of any air-ship but my own from the ground, will be the signal for them all to be discharged. I need not tell your Majesty what the result of that would be."

Khalid recoiled with a cry that was almost one of fear. He knew instinctively that Alan was speaking the literal truth, without the confirmation given by the captain of the scout-ship. He saw, too, that Olga had deceived him, or at any rate had been grievously mistaken, when she had said that the Aerians would not send a fleet after her squadron. They had done so, and so skilfully had its movements been ordered, that the city had been taken by surprise, and lay at its mercy.

Brave as he was, the strange terrors of the situation sent a thrill of fear through his soul. There he stood, the proudest king on earth, on the roof of his palace, beneath the smiling sky of an Egyptian summer morning; and yet that smiling sky humiliated. He was charged with death and destruction a hundred-fold greater than if the thunder clouds were lowering on it, ready to hurl their lightnings upon the earth.

He could see nothing but the blue heavens and the eastern sunlight shining over the roofs of his capital; and yet he knew that the man standing before him could, with a single signal, reduce the splendid city to heaps of shattered, shapelier ruins, and bury its inhabitants and its guests in one common tomb.

Then what seemed to be a saving thought flashed through his mind, and he said, almost in a tone of banter:

"But in that case we should not die alone unless you have taught those unsparing guns of yours to distinguish between friend and foe—the signal for our destruction would be the signal for yours as well."

"Even so!" replied Alan gravely. "That is a contingency which I have foreseen. Orloff Lossenski, tell his Majesty what my last orders to the fleet were."

The Russian stepped forward, and after saluting the Sultan said:

"I heard the orders given, Majesty, and they were to that effect. Friends and foes are to be destroyed alike, and nothing is to be left of Alexandria but its ruins."

"I am also charged with a message to my mistress, the Czarina, which tells her that if she does not leave within two hours her ships will be attacked in the city, and that, too, would be disaster, and if my words have still any weight with her I shall advise compliance with the order of the Council. Will your Majesty permit me to be conducted to my mistress in order that I may deliver my message in due form?"

The Sultan did not seem to hear the request at all. The idea that Alan and his crew should thus deliberately devote themselves and their beautiful vessel to annihilation in the event of their orders being disobeyed appalled and unnerved him. He knew nothing, save by tradition, of the heights of heroism to which men can rise under the stimulus of war, and he looked upon the man who had so calmly pronounced the provisional death sentence of himself and his companions as something more than human, as beings of a higher order, to fight against whom would be impious rashness rather than courage.

It was a situation that would have shaken the nerves of the sternest and most experienced soldier of the nineteenth century, and so it was no wonder that his spirit, unbraced by the discipline of war, shrank from facing its terrors. He saw, too, that there was literally no choice save between submission and destruction. To save, not only the lives of himself and his people, but also those of his guests and allies, he and they must submit and obey this imperious mandate.

"It is the will of God!" he said, bowing his head slightly towards Alan as he spoke. "They who cannot fight must yield. Hereafter we may meet upon more equal terms, and then to-day's humiliation shall not be forgotten."

Alan inclined his head in reply, and said:

"So be it! As your Majesty has seemingly decided to involve the world in the horrors of war it is not for me to say any more. When the day of battle comes, let the fortune of war decide between us. Meanwhile, Orloff Lossenski, it is time that you took the Council's message to your mistress."

"Give it to me," said the Sultan, stepping forward with outstretched hands, "and I will take it to her, if she has risen yet."

"There is no need for that," said a voice a few yards beyond Alan. "I am here, and I will take it."

As the sweet, low, even tones, now so hatefully familiar, reached Alan's ears he turned sharply round, with a blaze of ungovernable anger in his eyes, and saw Olga, calm and self-possessed in all the pride of her imperial beauty, walking towards the group from an arched doorway that led up from the interior of the palace.

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE AGAIN.

SMILING and self-possessed as Olga appeared when she gained the roof of the palace, she had passed through a perfect purgatory of conflicting and agonising emotions since the news of the arrival of the *Ithuriel* had reached her in her room. Her tremendous and, but for the fact of her strange, hopeless love, incomprehensible blunder in setting Alan and Alexis free, instead of either killing them or keeping them in life-long captivity, had already borne terrible fruit; but this visit, made at the very moment when her plans were apparently crowned with success, seemed to threaten nothing less than the complete ruin of all her schemes.

She knew instinctively that the city must be surrounded by an overwhelming force of Aerian ships, for a single one to venture thus into the midst of her own squadron, and, judging by her own tactics, she expected nothing less than immediate annihilation as the alternative to surrender. But even more bitter than this was the thought of meeting, not only as a freeman, but as the commander of the Aerian navy, the man who but a few days ago had been her docile, unresisting slave,

Ladies!—Here four ounces of chocolate, there a little life made happy. The price is the same—ninepence? Which shall it be?
Gentlemen!—Two ounces of tobacco or a day's outing for a little child. Weigh them in the scales of your charity.

robbed of the highest attribute of his manhood by the Circe spell that she had cast over him, and which she now knew was broken for ever.

And, more than this, she must now meet as an implacable enemy the man whom, in spite of herself, she still loved with all the passion of her fiery nature, and who, now that he was free again, could but look upon her not only with hatred, but with disgust. This, so far as her own feelings were concerned, was the miserable end of her scheming, but there was no help for it. She had deliberately sown the wind, and now the time was approaching for her to reap the whirlwind.

She thought of her dream in St. Petersburg, and a new and awful meaning was made apparent to her in those few minutes of mental torture before she went to meet her well-beloved enemy face to face. She saw herself mistress of a conquered world, seated on a lonely throne, wailing over her own broken heart in the midst of a desolation that she had brought upon the earth—for nothing.

This, it seemed, was to be the penalty of the unspeakable crime she had committed to gain possession of the air-ship, a hopeless love that should turn all the fruits of conquest, if she ever won them, into the bitter ashes of the Dead Sea apples in her mouth, a love not only not requited, but repaid with righteous horror and almost divine disgust.

And yet, despite all this, her marvellous fortitude and royal pride came to her aid to help her to bear herself bravely before her enemies, and so, Alan and Olga meet. With a smile on her lips and a hail of raging passions in her bosom, she ascended to take her part in the debate, big with the destiny of a world, that was being held on the palace roof.

As Alan turned and confronted her in all the strength and splendour of the manhood that not even her almost super-human arts had been able to tarnish or weaken, and looked at her with the stern, steady gaze without one sign of recognition in the eyes that shone blue-black beneath his straight-drawn brows, her heart stood still and seemed turned to ice in her breast, and for one brief moment her foot faltered and the light died out of her eyes and the colour from her cheeks.

Then she caught the Sultan's gaze turned inquiringly upon her; her indomitable spirit rose to the emergency, and her self-possession returned. Passing Alan by with a slight inclination of her head which did not conceal the mocking smile which curled her dainty lips, she went to Khalid and, holding out her hand, said in steady, musical tones which, do what he would to resist it, sent a thrill to Alan's heart:

"Where is the message that my faithless servant brings from the tyrants of the world?"

The Sultan gave it to her, and as she read it Losenaki stood silent like the rest, but with head bowed down in shame and sorrow. When she reached the last word of the despatch the crimson deepened on her cheeks and her hands closed convulsively on the paper. Then with a quick movement she tore it in twain, flung the two fragments to the ground, and then, looking up with eyes blazing with passion, she cried:

"I should be a slave to obey! Losenaki, signal to the squadron to rise. Boris, train a gun on that ship and blow her to pieces if a man moves on board of her. Out of the way there, Alan Arnold. If you lift a hand I will shoot you like a dog!"

As she spoke she snatched a pistol out of her belt and had almost levelled it at Alan's heart, when, like a flash of lightning his rapier leapt from its sheath, and as the pistol came up it was dashed from her hand.

"I could have killed you with less trouble," he said, in quick stern accents, raising the glittering blue blade to a level with her eyes, and keeping it outstretched towards her. "Have you forgotten what I told you, or that I am no longer under your vile spell? If those orders are obeyed I will kill you now, though you do wear a woman's shape. The city is surrounded, and if one vessel rises from the earth, Alexandria will be in ruins in an hour. Now, give the signal for its destruction if you dare, and let the earth be rid of you!"

"And of you, my gallant Knight of the Air, who draws his sword upon a woman," she almost hissed at him in her fury. "Yes, I dare and I will. Losenaki—"

In another moment the fate of the world would have been changed; but before the order could be repeated, the Sultan strode forward and placed himself between Alan and Olga with outstretched arms:

"No, Cearina! that order shall not be given on my palace or in my hearing. You have forgotten our agreement and my oath. I have sworn on the Koran that there shall be no war between Islam and Aeria for a year, and by the glory of Allah there shall be none!"

"What have I and my people done that you should bring this destruction upon them? Your servant shall be shot if he opens his lips, and if you must fight go."

The Sultan into the desert and do it, but that will end interferences. Our alliance, for you will have broken the peace to which I have sworn, and made me a liar. It is enough! Let us talk like reasonable beings, and not quarrel like children."

Olga was conquered for the time being, and she saw it. Few as had been the moments of the Sultan's speech, they were enough to allow her agile intellect to get the better of her anger, and to convince her that it would have led her to suicide in another minute.

Her manner changed with a swiftness that was almost miraculous. Her long, thick lashes fell, hiding the still burning fires of her eyes. Her attitude changed from one of defiance to one of deference, and as she stepped back a pace or two she said in a totally altered voice:

"Your Majesty has justly rebuked me. My anger overcame my reason for the moment. My hatred of these tyrants of the air is not a thing of to-day or of yesterday, as you know, but the legacy of generations of wrong and robbery, and the arrogance of this man, who but a few days ago was my slave, and now ventures to dictate terms of war or peace to me, was more than my patience or my temper could bear. I have done wrong, and in atonement I will promise on the honour of a Romanoff to be bound absolutely by such engagements as your Majesty may make until the period of your truce is expired."

So saying, she retired to a distant part of the terrace,

beckoning Losenaki to follow her. Throwing herself on a seat in full view but out of earshot of the group she had left, she bade him tell her the story of the loss of the *Vindaya*, and how he came to be the bearer of the message of the Council of Aeria to her.

Losenaki told the story simply and truthfully, and finished by saying that he considered that, with the *Vindaya*, he had lost his place in her confidence, and that he now only desired to serve her in a private capacity during the years that were left to him.

Furious as Olga was at the apparently easy triumph that Alan had gained over her by the capture of the air-ship and her chief adviser, she was not untouched by the old man's humility and devotion, and, more than this, she felt that affairs had now reached a crisis in which she might not be able to stand alone, either against the subtle wits of the Sultan's counsellors or in the shock of the mighty forces which would come into collision when the year of truce was over, and the battle for the mastery of the world really began in grim and deadly earnest. So with a softer tone in her voice she told him to sit down beside her and advise her in the light of his recently gained knowledge as to the course she ought to adopt in her immediate dealings with the Aerians.

"Majesty," he said in obedience to her command, "you have already done that which I would have advised in promising the Sultan that you would be bound by his terms. What I said before I repeat with greater assurance now. We cannot fight these Aerians as we are. It is true that our ships are swifter than theirs, but we have not now enough of them."

"I do not know how many the Aerians have, but the number must be very large. There are more than fifty stationed at Kerguelen, and fifty are at this moment floating in the air round Alexandria. If I had obeyed your order to send our squadron into the air, two hundred guns would have hurled their projectiles upon the city the next moment, and would have continued their fire while one stone was left standing upon another. I heard Alan Arnold give the orders to Alexis Massarov whom he left in command of the fleet, and he swore that he would obey them."

"What," cried Olga interrupting him with a gesture of amazement, "and destroy Alan himself and his comrades without giving them a chance of escape?"

"They would have sought none, Majesty," replied Losenaki. "They had already devoted themselves to death when they descended, and if you had not wisely yielded for the time being you and they would now be lying buried beneath the ruins of the palace. I hate these Aerians as every good Russian is in duty bound to do, but those I have seen are heroes to a man and enemies worthy of the old gods themselves."

"Yes, that is true, alas!" murmured Olga. She was reclining in the corner of the seat with her chin resting on her upturned palm, and her eyes, not wholly free from tears, fixed on the splendid figure of Alan as he stood with his sable wings towering a good two spans above the heads of the group about him. "They have made themselves almost as gods, and yet to think that I—but I have wasted words and tears enough over that already. Go on, Losenaki, and let me have the rest of your counsel."

"I was going to say, Majesty," he continued, "that if there are a hundred ships here and at Kerguelen, not less than twice as many will have been kept for the defence of Aeria itself, and that gives three hundred vessels to our twenty-seven without counting the land batteries which taught us such a terrible lesson at Kerguelen."

"Added to this we must confess that the Aerians are infinitely our superiors in tactics, and that at least a year's hard training is needful to fit the crews of the ships we are to build for their work. At present we can

Losenaki's wage nothing but a guerilla warfare, in Advice, which our ships would probably be destroyed one by one, since the chances of surprise are more than five to one against us, and we have already learnt that surprise is fatal."

"Such a result would be the defeat of all our plans and the ruin of all our hopes, and who knows but that some thrice-unlucky shell might not strike the *Revenge* and rob Russia of her only hope? No, no; believe me, Majesty, there is but one course that can be pursued with wisdom, and that is, to keep the Sultan's truce for a year, and devote every hour of the time to making ourselves stronger than our enemies will be in the day of battle when it comes."

"You speak wisely as ever, my friend and counsellor," said Olga, turning her eyes on to him for a moment, "and there is no doubt but that you are right. But what if these Aerians refuse to recognise us as the Sultan's lawful allies, and treat us as outlaws and outcasts—pirates, I believe the word used to be in the old heroic days, when men lived by the strength of their own right arm?"

"What if they set to work to hunt us from the earth, and threaten the Sultan with destruction, as the President threatened the whole world when he declared war against anyone who should dare to dispute the empire of the air with the Aerians? I doubt if that condition is covered by the Sultan's truce."

"In that case, Majesty," replied Losenaki, "we should have to fight, for there would be no help for it. We should have to retire to our stronghold, which, after all, is still as impregnable as Aeria itself, and there build ships as fast as we could, defending ourselves meanwhile to the best of our ability."

"But I do not think that what you fear will come to pass. It was all very well to make such a threat when there were no air-ships save those of Aeria in existence, but now conditions are altered and the threat can no longer be enforced save at a ruinous cost. The Aerians know this as well as I do. They know that if they attempted to punish the Sultan for building air-ships we should revenge him by laying the cities of Anglo-Saxondom in ruins."

"They know, too, that they could not prevent us doing this, because our ships are swifter than theirs, and that while they were seeking us on one side of the world we should be at work on the other. For this reason, too, they will not seek to hunt us from the world as outlaws. They dare not do so for the sake of the world itself, for they foresee the desolation that we could and would bring upon the nations while they were seeking us out to destroy us."

"No, believe me, there is nothing for it but truce on both sides until both believe themselves ready for the struggle which will leave the victors undisputed masters of the world and the arbiters of human destiny for ages to come. Neither side is ready now and—but see, there is the Sultan's Vizier coming towards you. The conference is evidently at an end."

As he spoke the Grand Vizier approached, and after an obeisance, made with Oriental reverence, said:

"Cearina, my master commands me to inform you that he has settled all matters with the Prince of the Air save one, and to settle that he craves your assistance. Will it please you to come and speak with him?"

"I will come," said Olga, rising and following him with the words of Losenaki fresh in her ears.

To be continued next week.

THE TRADE IN SKELETONS.

"Is it really true," P.W. asked a dealer in surgical goods, "that human skeletons are bought and sold extensively?"

The dealer hesitated a moment, and then replied: "I don't know that there is any secret about the trade. It does amount to quite an industry, but we look upon the purchase or sale of a skeleton in the self-same light that we regard any other transaction of a business nature."

"Skeletons are procured in a perfectly legitimate manner," he continued, "and are carefully prepared for market. The source of supply is, of course, from various hospitals throughout the country. The bones are prepared for use by a long and laborious process, and the work of articulating the various parts is conducted by an experienced anatomist."

"It is not a simple matter to make up a skeleton from a heap of dismembered parts, unless a man thoroughly understands the human frame, and can fit the various bones to a nicety."

"When prepared for sale, the skeletons are bought by academies and schools, museums of natural history, physicians and surgeons, and by others who have use for the article, either for the purpose of study or to utilise them as attractions for a show."

"The strangest thing of all about the business is perhaps due to the fact that in the skeleton trade, as in every other, there is a variety of qualities of the article, and even a base adulteration—for what else can a spurious skeleton be termed?"

"A good skeleton is a valuable addition to any surgeon's cabinet. As such it commands a good figure in the market—£60 is the price demanded for a first-class article."

"There is another quality of a heterogeneous make-up, formed from the skull of Tom, the ribs of Dick, the right leg and arm of some other unfortunate, and the whole completed by odd bones furnished by any number of individuals."

"The various members thus arranged by a competent workman form an excellent skeleton for a theatrical display or a chamber of horrors. They are, of course, of but little use for purposes of study, except as a curiosity illustrating what a man can do with a job lot of material. The members thus patched together are derived from innumerable sources, dissecting tables and places of that kind."

"Of course, the composite skeletons thus formed do not command as high a price as the real article, but if they are capped with a genuine skull they are much more valuable than the imitation variety, and will bring at least £30."

"How about the imitation?"

"The spurious article in the skeleton industry," the dealer said, "is made from compressed paper pulp and other materials, which form a compound not unlike papier-maché."

"These specimens are in exact imitation of the real articles."

"Being entirely a product of manufacture they can be made in assorted sizes. They range in price accordingly—a child's size is sold for £15, an adult's for £20, and a heroic size for £30. The range of price is entirely arbitrary with the dealer, for the skeletons are really not worth £1 apiece."

MANAGING EDITOR (to reporter): "Are you engaged to be married, Mr. Scarehead?"

Mr. Scarehead: "Er—yes, sir; I—"

Managing Editor: "Kindly draw on the office for forty shillings, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on 'Married Life in a Great City' by twelve o'clock. And—er—congratulations!"

A POLITICAL mistake was that of a man of colour in the States, whose former master had allowed him the use of a piece of land on condition that he, the owner, should receive one-fourth of the crop. When the corn was ripe, the labourer hauled three loads to his own house, and none to that of the white man. Then he went innocently up to the great house to return his landlord's waggon, which he had used in the hauling.

"Well, Frank?" said the gentleman, "where is my share of the corn?"

"You ain't got none, sah," was the sympathetic reply.

"Haven't got any? Why, wasn't I to have a fourth of all you raised?"

"Yes, sir, but dey wa'n't no fourth. Dey wa'n't but jes' three loads!"

"They whose hearts are dry as dust burn to the socket." We hope Wordsworth was not pointing to you because you had not subscribed to the F. A. F.

FICTION.

SUBURBAN LIFE MADE EASY.—"My goodness," exclaimed Mr. Citiman, who had accompanied a suburban friend home, "what's this fenced-in circle round your house—a race-course?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Suburb quietly, "that's our bull-pen," and he waved his hand proudly towards the circular enclosure, in the middle of which stood a modern rural villa, one of those spick-and-span, new, be-gabled, be-windowed, and be-porticoed, but much-contracted efforts of a particularly gifted building contractor. The little structure looked as if it had just come from a toy shop, and though it shone resplendent in nearly all the colours of the rainbow, one important colour—red—was missing.

"Don't you see those bulls," added Mr. Suburb quickly. "Finest specimens in the market. Pure bred Spanish animals, trained for the ring. There are six of the most ferocious animals in the country," continued Mr. Suburb, as he gazed fondly at his treasures, now trying vainly to scale the fence and make mincepies of their owner and his guest, whose voice trembled a little as he responded:

"But the space extends entirely round the house. How do you get in and out?"

"That's easy enough. My wife shakes a red tablecloth on the further side of the house, and while the bulls are busy pawing at that, I dart across on this side. Splendid idea, isn't it? I thought of having it patented, but concluded that I owed a duty to humanity, and anybody should be allowed to use it. No one can get in or out of that house without the assistance of either my wife or myself, and we never both leave at the same time."

"But what on earth is it for? Protection against tramps?"

"Who cares for tramps? They are the least of the miseries of suburban life."

"Protection against pedlars, perhaps?"

"We rather like pedlars."

"What in creation is this bull-infested stockade for, then?"

"If you'd ever lived in the suburbs you'd know without telling. It is to keep the servant girl from leaving without the customary notice."

THE HANDY MAN.—"Silas," said Mrs. Hoover, one morning, "I wish you would take this clock with you, and have it repaired. It's always too slow or too fast, or not running at all."

"Leave it somewhere and have it repaired?" said Mr. Hoover, looking at his wife reproachfully. "My dear, just keep the clock here, and I'll repair it when I get home. I used to do that kind of thing very successfully when I was a boy, and I do not think I have outgrown the knack. Just wait."

And Mrs. Hoover waited.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Hoover, in a very confident tone, after supper, "if you will kindly bring me that clock, and the hatchet, and screwdriver, and the file, and some nails, and—and—well, I think that'll be enough—I'll show you what a handy man can accomplish."

For Mr. Hoover to speak meant for his wife to obey, and her "handy" husband was soon assiduously studying how to get at the works he was going to repair.

"Most clocks," said Mr. Hoover, having formed a plan of action, "are so arranged that their works can be uncovered in a moment; but this one is an exception. However, where there's a will, my dear, you'll always find a way."

Thereupon he began to pry off the glass that covered the dial. He broke it, of course.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hoover cheerfully, "a few pence will repair that damage. I'll bring a new glass home with me to-morrow night."

Mrs. Hoover engaged herself very intently in a book. She read the signs, and knew what was coming.

Mr. Hoover now began to remove the dial. The first thing he did was to break both hands short off while trying to pry them off with the hatchet.

He muttered something under his breath, and then glanced up quickly to see if his wife was looking.

She had not noticed him, and he tucked the broken hands under a table mat and proceeded with his work of destruction.

How to get off the dial was a puzzling question, but Hoover succeeded after mutilating every hour on its face.

The dial he also placed under the mat, to avoid embarrassing questions should Mrs. Hoover look up from her book.

The mechanism of the clock was now uncovered, and Hoover proceeded to poke the screwdriver around aimlessly to find the seat of the difficulty.

Everything appeared just as it should be, but there must be something wrong. Mrs. Hoover had said so, so Mr. Hoover took out a wheel here and a wheel there, until, suddenly, Mrs. Hoover heard a whirr and clatter, followed by a jump and howl from her husband.

By some unfortunate means Hoover had released the coiled spring in the back of the clock, and it had sprung apart with such force as to scatter wheels and screws in every direction.

"Talk to me about mending clocks!" cried Hoover, dancing round the room, rubbing his eye where the

spring had struck it. "Why don't you get a man to do such things? You knew very well what would happen!"

"But, Silas, dear—" remonstrated his wife gently.

"Don't 'Silas dear' me!" howled Hoover, picking up the hatchet and throwing it savagely at the clock-case. "Don't say a word—don't. You're responsible for the whole thing!"

And he rushed off to bed, slamming every door he could get his hands on.

Whatever else he may be, Hoover vows he is no clock tinker, and his wife agrees with him.

SHE KISSED HIM.—He loved her—very much. He thought that he had never loved half so much before. And she? Well, she may have loved him; that he didn't know—he hadn't asked her.

She was twenty. She was the most beautiful creature he had seen. Her hair was black—as ink; her skin was white—as a lily; and her eyes—how brilliant they were! They seemed to look into his soul. And he wondered if she knew it.

He had never seen anybody so ravishing to look at—not even in fancy. He had never before left his food half-tasted on his plate—not even at the seaside hotel. He had never before found it a task to close his eyes at night—not even when he had been ill with fever.

As for her, she looked upon him with favour; she would take his hand as they walked along the beach, and when the waves rolled further than she expected on the sand, she would cry "Look out, Harry, dear," or the like.

He presumed he ought to be happy—there was no reason why he should not be; others in his position would have been.

Ah, yes; it was well enough—until the five o'clock express from London came in. Then she would be dressed in something wonderful in blue and gold, or in grey and black, or in pink and white, and she would walk in the gardens of the hotel and chat and gossip with the men who had been in town all day. Of course, when he came up, she treated him civilly, and he had no fault to find—no fault, that is, in order. Yet, he asked himself sometimes if she was treating him as one individual, or as a species.

Eh bien! One day, fourteen trunks were loaded on the van at the side door. A good many of the trunks belonged to her. She was going away.

She came to him. She was dressed for travelling, in a tailor-cut gown with plaitings of Indian cloth on the front of the waist, and with a black veil that could not hide the sparkle of her eyes.

She held out her hand to him in good-bye, and then impulsively she took his head in her hands and kissed him.

What a thrill went through him!

He looked up—she was gone. Quickly he heard rumbling of the van. Then he heard nothing—except that he imagined that he heard his heart beat.

He was all alone, and he let his head drop on his breast, and he cried as though his heart would break.

For, after all, he was only six years old.

PAT: "Faix, but it was a lovely foight, intoirely!"
Dennis: "An' who licked?"

Pat: "An' it's hard tellin', it is, wid both of thim in hospital and neither dead yit."

A COMPARISON.—"The sun never sets on England's possessions, you know," said the Englishman proudly.
"Yes," crushingly returned the American, "and the same might be said of a hen."

"I wish I were a real, healthy earthquake," sighed the bad actor.

"Why?" asked a friend.

"I might bring down the house in that case," responded the actor wearily.

A PIPE, a book
A cosy nook,
A fire—at least its embers—
A dog, a glass;
'Tis thus we pass
Such hours as one remembers.
Who'd wish to wed?
Poor Cupid's dead
These thousand years, I wager.
The modern maid
Is but a jade—
Not worth the time to cage her.
In silken gown
To "take" the town
Her first and last ambition.
What good is she
To you or me,
Who have but a "position"?
So let us drink
To her—but think
Of him who has to keep her;
And, sans a wife,
Let's spend our life
In bachelordom—it's cheaper.

FACTS.

IN Canton 30,000 people live in house-boats.

AN express engine consumes ten gallons of water per mile.

LIVE fish have been safely sent in the post from India to the British Museum.

ONE-HALF of the wealth of England is in the possession of 1,000 individuals.

THE Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

TWO volcanoes in Iceland are advertised for sale in a Copenhagen paper. The price asked is about £150.

THE wonderful progress made in surgery is shown from the fact that only nine per cent. of all operations in amputation are fatal.

THROUGH a pneumatic tube, 700 miles in length, letters are whirled between Paris and Berlin at the speed of twenty miles a minute.

THE railway commissioners of Victoria claim that they have effected a saving of fully £10,000 by placing women in charge of railway stations.

AN interesting thing in Norwich is the Duke of Norfolk's swan-pit. From seventy to one hundred cygnets are brought to it from the Broads every August to be fattened for the table.

THERE are ten newspaper editors in the House of Commons, six printers, four tailors, three stationers, two butchers, three hotel-keepers, six tenant-farmers, one coal-merchant, and one cab-proprietor.

To make animals unconscious, before slaughtering, is considered humane in Berne, Switzerland. A test was recently made there by legal enactment, and it took six quarts of alcohol to render an ox unfeelingly drunk.

A CORRESPONDENT of THE FIELD recommends a novel mode of killing wasps. "They frequent the gooseberry and currant bushes, which are now in full bloom, and we shoot them with a saloon pistol loaded with shot cartridges, only substituting sand for the shot."

ACCORDING to Dr. Karl Muller, the silk of the great spider at Madagascar is used by the natives for fastening flowers on sunshades and for other purposes. The thread has a golden colour, is very strong and elastic, and a single female, in the breeding season, has spun nearly two miles of it in twenty-seven days.

A NEW terror has been added to life by the discovery that some large bakers are in the habit of using soaps for the preparation of various kinds of fancy breads and biscuits. The soap is dissolved in water, oil is added thereto, and the mixture is added to the flour. Thus are formed some of those delightful substances which seem to melt away in the mouth.

THE other day a station-master near Coventry received from an anonymous friend a present of a live baby in a box, with a request that he would adopt it. He, however, did not care to be burdened with the rearing of a foundling, so he gave it over to the signalman, who, pitying its forlorn state, took it to his home. Now the station-master would be only too happy to get back the rejected infant, for with it he gave up £200 in bank-notes, which were concealed in its clothing. The baby's new foster-father very naturally refuses to relinquish either baby or notes.

IN Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dumblane, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that, of those tombstones which are from one hundred to two hundred years old, about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief. A sugar cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an axe and a saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to May 25th, 1894 and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 695, and against Burglary and Housebreaking, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 696.

Wm. T. Russell
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
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The F. A. F. in our hands is the most practical and economical lever for raising the great weight of poverty which is crushing the lives of thousands and ten thousands of little children in the slums.

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

A Good Idea. THE Great Eastern Railway Company are to be commended for an idea which might well be followed up by the other big companies. In a twenty-four page pamphlet before me, tastily got up, and entitled "Farm-house and Country Lodgings in Essex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk," is a list of over 1,000 furnished lodgings to be let in farm-houses and country villages. Particulars are given as to the number of bed and sitting-rooms for hire, the description of house, the distance from the nearest station on the G. E. R., the return fares from London, and such advantages as the place affords. At one place, I notice, wildfowl shooting, sea-bathing, good fishing, boating, and yachting in the neighbourhood are amongst the attractions enumerated.

There follows a list of some ten or eleven villages, which are headed, "Quiet Nooks on the North-East Coast of Norfolk," and at which the G. E. R. has agents. In the course of a walking tour last year on the Norfolk coast I chanced to pass through the villages named, and I must say that for those who desire peace and quiet for their holidays at the seaside these are just the places to go to.

A Wandering Bag. B. P. sends me the details of a little trouble which he has had with the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, but which might as well have happened to anyone else as to him. He was travelling from Burnley to Accrington, and on reaching Accrington he left his bag of samples at the Left Luggage Office, and on returning half an hour later the bag was gone.

B. P. therefore had to break his journey and go home. Next morning the bag was brought to his address. The Company had found it in Manchester and admitted having given it out by mistake to someone else. The man who brought it demanded a charge of 6d. for carriage, which B. P. refused to pay, saying that he should send in a claim for loss of time.

The man thereupon took the bag away and lo! and behold in the afternoon, too late for B. P. to transact any business, back it comes again. He sent in a claim of 30s. for loss of time, but the Company will only offer him 10s. The law on the subject is this: Assuming the passenger had left his bag in the proper office or with an authorised servant of the Company he is clearly entitled to be paid for any reasonable loss arising from its detention, but whether a given sum is or is not sufficient is a question for the Court to decide on hearing the precise facts.

Good News. HERE is a knotty point upon which I am fortunately able to give a decision satisfactory to railway travellers. W. R. M. had been over from Fareham to Portsmouth for the evening, and wishing to return by a train which he knew left between ten and eleven, enquired early in the evening the exact time for departure, procuring his ticket then and there, to prevent delay, as he was certain to be pushed for time. W. R. M. arrived on the station one minute before the time stated and was surprised to hear from a porter at the gate that he could not leave by that train as the "bell had rung."

After arguing awhile (during which time he might have been comfortably seated) he had the somewhat doubtful satisfaction of seeing the train move off. W. R. M. was then obliged to wait until 12.20, and he writes to ask our advice in the event of a similar contingency arising.

A Hard Case. A passenger without luggage is entitled to be admitted to a train up to the precise moment at which it is advertised to start, but only by courtesy after that hour if the circumstances permit. There may be good reason for closing the gate or ringing the bell at the advertised time and excluding a passenger when it is not known from moment to moment when the engine will move. If a Company shuts the gate before the advertised time it is liable for its default.

J. T. puts to me another case of very general interest. He had occasion to take a train on the South-Eastern Railway from Woolwich Arsenal to Charing Cross, on Thursday, March 22nd, the day before Good Friday, with the intention of travelling by an excursion from St. Pancras to Carlisle. The train from Woolwich Arsenal started at 7.35 p.m., and was timed to reach Charing Cross at 8.28 p.m., the excursion train by which he intended to travel to Carlisle being due to leave St. Pancras at 9.30 p.m. Unfortunately for J. T.'s holiday the South-Eastern train did not reach Charing Cross till 10.5 p.m., or more than one hour and a half late, and he consequently lost his excursion and had to wend his weary way home again in the early hours of the morning. He has written to the Company, but they simply ignore any liability.

I do not know whether the legal decision on this point will bring any balm to J. T.'s injured soul. A train should start and arrive at the advertised time, and the Company is liable for default. The onus lies upon the Company in defence to show that it made reasonable efforts to comply with the law. Whether the delay of an hour or more on Good Friday eve was due to neglect, or unexpected and unavoidable pressure, is a question of fact which the judge alone has to determine.

THE BEST DETECTIVES.

A FRENCHMAN naturally thinks the Parisian detectives the best. Englishmen swear by the shrewdness of Scotland Yard men, and Americans, of course, swear by the New York detectives. After three years' residence in China I do not think either of the three bodies are entitled to the credit given them. The Chinese beat them all.

They are at one time the most expert thieves and at another the most skilled detectives in the world. A Chinaman can steal your watch while you are looking at it, and he can catch the man who stole it, if it happened to be some other than himself, when a French detective could not.

I have seen evidences of detective ability among the Chinese which would startle even Dr. Conan Doyle. It is impossible for an evil-doer to long elude the Chinese detectives. They scent a crime and follow it to the last before civilised detectives would know of it.

The Chinese detective force is a secret body, and the best organised in the world. They have an eye upon every man, woman, and child, foreign or native, in China, and in addition watch over each other.

Informers are encouraged, and collusion is impossible. The head of the Chinese police is not known, but there is one, and a very active one, too. I have heard that the present head was once an ambassador to a European country, but really do not believe that anyone knows who he is. There are said to be over 60,000 men under him and his assistants, who control the various districts.

AN EXTRA AT THE PLAY.

THE most amusing case of public love-making which I've witnessed for a long while occurred at a theatre where I happened to be the other evening. There are a number of sofa seats in the upper circle of this particular theatre—two seats all in one—the exact counterpart of a small parlour sofa. I was seated directly in the rear.

Presently I walked a youth and maiden, who looked at each other and coloured up as the obliging attendant turned down the little sofa for them. They were in luck, to be sure. For a few moments they sat bolt upright, and as far apart as possible; but gradually they snuggled up to each other, and settled down to business. I had my hands full watching them, and the stage too.

Theirs, however, proved to be by far the most interesting performance. There was more feeling, more intensity in it. They knew their lines better; they had manifestly rehearsed their business for a long while.

Once, when there was a very affecting scene on the stage, I heard the girl murmur: "Oh, darling!" as she made a convulsive effort to disprove the law in physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time. In the play this lover, after many trials and tribulations, gets his Dulcinea and at once proceeds to give her a genuine athletic embrace.

He winds his arms round her, smashes her nose convulsively against his immaculate shirt-front, then holding her at arm's length, calls her his heart's own, his angel and his best beloved, and then suddenly ducking his head, thrusts his nose into her blonde wig, and beginning with her forehead, kisses his right away down to her lips.

The pair on the sofa-seat became violently exercised, and I almost feared that one or the other might make an outcry. But no, all I could hear was this from the girl: "Oh, darling, please do that when we get home."

SHE: "Oh, Charley, that gnat has come from your hand to mine."

HE: "Aw—beautiful thought, that your blood and mine—aw—mingle in the same gnat."

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD visiting the seaside, and obliged to sleep three in a bed, narrated her dream, which, being unfinished, she accounted for fully by saying that she did not have room to dream the rest.

"I DON'T like your milk," said the mistress of the house.

"What's wrong with it, mum?"

"It's dreadfully thin, and there's no cream on it."

"After you've lived in the town a while, mum," said the milkman encouragingly, "you'll git over them rooral deas o' your'n."

IN A SECRET ANARCHIST MEETING.—Inner Guard (to Head Centre): "You ordered beers for every man in the room?"

Head Centre: "Yes."

Inner Guard: "Well, there's a little red-headed man who says he never drinks beer."

Head Centre: "Confusion, we are discovered!"

A PARIS newspaper tells us of an ingenious American savant in that city—name unfortunately withheld—who has taught an ape to play, not only all the major and minor scales on the pianoforte, but to render four-hand pieces with its hands and feet. The failure of the instructor to teach the animal to use its tail to turn the leaves of the pieces on the rack makes us doubt the general applicability of his methods.

HOW THE POWERS SPY ON EACH OTHER'S ARMIES.

IN the military head-quarters of every country there is an office or a department in which every available piece of information concerning the resources of foreign powers—the exact strength of the army, the means of transport, etc., etc.—is collected and carefully collated. This office may be a part of the War Office, or immediately connected with the military head-quarters. It may have a specific title or not, but in some shape or form that office exists.

For, if A wishes to stand a fair chance of winning in a war with B, C, or D, it is absolutely necessary for A to gain every scrap of information concerning hostile powers, or powers which may become hostile within a comparatively short space of time.

Broadly speaking, the methods of obtaining the desired intelligence may be divided into legal and illegal. The military attaché—an officer attached to the Embassy—takes the chief place in the first category.

The military attaché was scarcely recognised until 1864, but since that date it has become quite the proper thing for the Ambassador's staff to include an officer of the army, chiefly owing to the fact that nowadays the Ambassador himself is scarcely ever a soldier, and moreover has not the time to do what is required in the way of obtaining the desired information.

The duty of the military attaché has been called by a Frenchman "authorised espionage." He has to watch with the closest attention the army of the country to which he is drafted; he must take immediate notice of any change, carefully sum up the results of manoeuvres, public firing practice, and other exercises, and generally keep well posted in all things military.

The attaché should be a man of great tact and culture, a perfect gentleman, and thoroughly at home in society. An attaché very seldom lowers himself to take advantage of his position to do what would not be permitted in anyone else; but an instance of this kind occurred at Cronstadt some time ago.

An attaché was found sketching the fortifications; no notice was taken—apparently—but later in the day his portmanteau was stolen, and he received a note from the police to the effect that his bag had been found, and he could have it, but that the thief had used it to carry some treasonable documents, which had, of course, been seized!

The foreign newspapers very often give details which are of great value to the Intelligence Department, the officials of which scrutinise all the papers and technical journals with great care. The military reviews are cautious, but in the daily papers, especially the smaller provincial papers, and in the trade journals, there is occasionally a notice, which, in connection with other information, proves of the utmost value to experts.

Parliamentary reports, and notices which leak out concerning the deliberations of special committees, also prove very useful. Some countries, if not all, make use of their consuls, relying upon them to send any information likely to be of value. These are the principal legal methods.

Under the head of illegal methods we class everything pertaining to "spying," in the usual and most objectionable sense of the word. Secret agents are employed by all powers—it would scarcely be possible to do without them—and it is sheer hypocrisy to deny their existence. Important information concerning the military strength of a hostile nation is always welcome and well paid for, and in such circumstances men will always be found ready to undertake the work of a spy.

In the event of discovery these spies are promptly disowned by their governments, a course of action which deceives nobody. The spies themselves are prepared for this; it is risky work, very remunerative if successful, and disastrous if unsuccessful. A great deal was done formerly by these spies, but their rôle is becoming more and more dangerous and their opportunities more limited.

Until recently spies of this kind were leniently treated; their papers were confiscated and they were either liberated at once or merely detained for a short time in a fortress; but lately the continental powers have begun to treat them as criminals, and sentence them to long terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

In time of war the circumstances are different. Only exceptionally can spies render any particular service; the exigencies of war demand the utmost promptitude in the transmission of intelligence, and spies are generally unable to get about so quickly as necessity requires. How is the necessary intelligence of the enemy's movements obtained?

Chiefly by careful observation of the foreign press, especially those journals which have special correspondents! For instance, a London paper publishes a special telegram from its correspondent with (say) a wing of the German army. The French military authorities—we are supposing the case of another Franco-German War—have their agent in London, who at once wires the intelligence in cypher to an agreed point in France; it is then immediately communicated to the French general, who, finding that it agrees with the enemy's movements, shapes his plans accordingly.

In the war of 1870, the German general staff received news of a certain movement on the part of Marshal MacMahon, and were able to counteract it with a rapidity which surprised many people. The intelligence was published in a London paper, and immediately transmitted to Germany by watchful agents.

When puss with midnight prowling—knocks a pudding dish to atoms,—don't vow you'll downstairs journey—and smitheren the burglars.
Mock hero days are over,—for your wife will gently murmur,—just go to sleep again at once,—they may burgle; we're insured.

[N.B.—This is bank verse poetry.]

A JOURNALISTIC START.

AMBITIOUS YOUTH: "Pardon me for intruding, but I am exceedingly anxious to make a start in a journalistic career. The professors at college all said my future sphere should be literary. Is there any vacancy on your staff?"

Editor: "Um—let me see. Yes, we do want another man to-day, come to think. Know Scribler?"

"No, sir."
"He's one of our best reporters. He's just been told to buy a balloon, take a trip in 'er, and write up the voyage. He'll give it a title like 'Alone in Space,' 'Mid the Midnight Stars,' or something like that. Big thing, isn't it?"

"Y-e-s, sir."
"Well, it just occurs to me that we might have two articles instead of one. You can go 'long."

"Eh?"
"Yes. I'll send him word to get a parachute too. He'll do the ballooning, and you do the jumping."

FORGETTING THEIR LOSS.

It is not unusual for people who have lost the use of a sense or of a limb to talk, more or less unconsciously, as if they still possessed it. Not long ago, a gentleman who has been totally blind for many years, but who manages to travel about notwithstanding his affliction, wrote to a friend in Paris: "I am making a trip to Paris in the autumn to see how the world wags, and I hope to see you while I am there."

This is pathetic. More amusing, perhaps, was an incident of a like kind which happened during a tour through the provinces which the French President, M. Carnot, lately made. At one place, where an address was to be delivered to the President, the duty of pronouncing it was committed to a maimed veteran, both of whose arms had been amputated.

Just before the hour for the ceremony had arrived, a local functionary said to the veteran:

"Are you sure you know your speech?"
"Know it!" he exclaimed confidently. "Why, I've got it at my fingers' ends!"

LIVING BURIALS.

CHINA is the only country where the ancient custom of burying people alive still exists, and the people who are thus buried alive are usually those who, either on account of their incorrigible misconduct or incurable maladies, have come to be regarded as burdens to their relatives, or as constituting not only a nuisance but also a danger to the community to which they belong.

Ordinarily the obsequies of live persons are attended with pomp and ceremony, especially when it is merely disease or old age which causes the family of the candidate for funeral honours to desire his departure for another world.

Relatives and friends combine to purchase the most expensive coffin they can afford, and at the funeral feast that precedes the interment the victim is the guest of honour. The feast ended the procession to the grave begins. It is led off by the coffin, and immediately following walks the "moribund," magnificently arrayed.

On reaching the grave the principal actor takes a solemn leave of all those present, arranges his garments in a most convenient fashion, takes a last big swallow of opium, and assumes his place in the coffin. A piece of silver having been placed on his chin, the lid is put on the coffin, and is nailed down by his relatives, after which proceeding the interment takes place.

A MILLIONAIRE'S START.

"TWENTY years ago," said a millionaire, "I stood without a penny in my pocket outside a restaurant door in Liverpool. I was indulging in an optical feast, and wondering how all those good things in the window would taste if they were sliding past my hungry palate. I was trying to think how I could get the price of a meal. Before I had evolved a plan of action a prosperous-looking man, who was flipping a half-a-crown in his hand, dropped it through an iron grating, and it fell into the subway below. He gave an unconcerned glance in the direction the coin had gone, and then walked away."

"I determined to secure that coin; so I walked into the restaurant and asked the proprietor of the place if I might retrieve a sovereign which I had dropped into the cellar. He replied, 'Certainly!' and gave me a hatchet with which I might remove a wooden bar that had been nailed across a door leading from the basement to the opening under the grating."

"There was much litter and dirt down there, and in searching for the coin I found many others which had been dropped in a similar way. I got thirty-two shillings from that rubbish—an amount sufficient to completely dwarf an able-bodied appetite, secure a clean shirt, and a proportionate amount of self-esteem and reliance."

"I visited men of influence whom I had not sufficient courage to visit before, and I have not been anything but prosperous since that time. Thus you may see on what a thread often hangs a chance in life."

EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE.

LITTLE JACK: "Grown folk don't know everything."
Mother: "What's the matter now?"
"Didn't you say cigarettes stopped boys from growin' and injured their nervous systems, an' gave 'em heart disease, an' flabby muscles, an' weak back?"
"Yes, I did, and it's so, too."
"Well, Jimmy McMuggs has been smokin' cigarettes an' cigar stumps ever since he was a baby, an' to-day I remembered wot you said about tobacco makin' boys weak, an' so I cheeked him—an' he licked me."

A VALUABLE COIN.

It is astonishing how many people believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a cheque for one hundred thousand francs in a silver five-franc piece, and that the coin is yet in circulation in France.

They say that the people did not want the five-franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for silver money of that denomination the Emperor resorted to the device mentioned. The cheque, or Treasury order, was written on asbestos paper and made in the coin.

It would be interesting to know, if this story be true, how many five-franc pieces have been broken open since the story of the cheque was first circulated.

GOOD THEOLOGY.

LITTLE Daisy had a pet cat, to which she was so devoted that her anxious mother feared her affection was excessive, and undertook to lessen it.

"My dear," she said, "you love your pussie too much. What would you do if she were to die, for you would never see her again?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied the little one, confidently; "I would see my pussie again when I went to heaven."

"No, Daisy," said the mother, "animals have no souls, and when they die that is the end of them. They cannot go to heaven like people."

This attack on her childish theology was too much for Daisy. Her eyes filled with tears, but suddenly the little face brightened, and she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the promised land is flowing with milk and honey, and if there are no animals in heaven, where do they get the milk?"

A THOUSAND MILES OF TENTS.

DURING a chat with a member of our staff the other day on the subject of tents and tent-making, Mr. Piggott said:

"We always keep from three to four thousand tents in stock, and during the winter months several hundred hands are kept going, for we lay in a good supply in anticipation of the summer sales, for which we use up on an average over 2,000,000 yards of canvas."

Tents and marquees are used for all sorts of purposes, from the modest garden tent to the gigantic covering erected for political meetings, banquets, foundation stone ceremonials, and so forth, while we supply a large proportion of the tents used by the various Governments, besides those for sheltering the post-office workmen in the streets."

"The largest tent we can make is 400 feet long by 120 feet wide, and this would contain about 12,000 yards or nearly seven miles of canvas, while each of the centre supporting poles is sixty feet high and weighs two and a half tons."

"One particularly curious sort of tent we made and sent out to the West Indies. It was extremely high, and was accompanied by an apparatus for lowering it over some precious trees which had to be fumigated."

GONE IN A DAY.

A THOROUGHLY practical household paper is sure to find a big sale for its volumes, especially if these are made really attractive books by reason of the paper's size, its beautiful get up, and the profuseness with which it is illustrated.

Bearing these facts in mind, we were not niggardly in preparing for the anticipated demand for *Home Notes* volumes. We had a very large stock of them bound—much larger in fact than there seemed any probability of selling straight away, for an attractive volume is a thing which continues to sell for years.

Vol. I. of *Home Notes* won't sell for years, however, at any rate not from this office, for the whole of the immense supply was exhausted the day following the announcement of the fact that the volume was ready. We now only regret that we did not multiply our ideas of the probable demand for it by twenty instead of by two.

Indexes we can print to any extent, and cases for binding we can make in any number. So people who are lucky enough to have complete files of *Home Notes* can transform them into copies of Vol. I. (which are going to be worth as many pounds as we sold them for shillings) by the addition of an index (2d. post free) and a cover (9d. post free), or either can be ordered through any news-vendor.

IT WOULD NOT HARMONISE.

"I WANT," she said hesitatingly, as she poised her basket in front of her pretty chin with a thoughtful air, "to get some lettuce."
"Yes'm," said the market man; "here's some—very nice it is, too."
"Is it all that colour?"
"Why—er—yes'm; all lettuce is green, you know."
"Oh, it is too bad. I got a lovely blue dish to put lettuce in; but I'm sure green would look horrible in it. I never thought about there not being any shades, you know."

And as she turned away the market man was almost sure he saw a tear of disappointment in her eye.

SETTLED ONCE FOR ALL.

HERE is the question: The Governor of Kgovjai, a very mean man, desiring to give a very small dinner party, invited his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother-in-law, and his brother-in-law's father-in-law. How many guests were there?

Here is the answer: None. The governor dined alone.

Here is the explanation: The governor was a widower, with a marriageable daughter and a marriageable sister. The governor's father was also a widower. The governor and his father married sisters. Thus the governor became his father's brother-in-law. The governor's brother married the governor's step-daughter; thus the governor became his brother's father-in-law. The governor's father-in-law married the governor's sister; thus the governor became his father-in-law's brother-in-law. The governor's brother-in-law married the governor's daughter; thus the governor became his brother-in-law's father-in-law. The governor therefore dined alone.

[The reader is requested not to work this out until he has written his name and address in his pocket-book, not necessarily for publication, but that his sorrowing friends and relations may be able to identify him.—ED. P. W.]

PATIENT WAITERS.

THE Greenlanders' mode of life has accustomed them to take things as they come. If they find no game, they know how to go hungry, and in their relations with each other and with Europeans they manifest the same astounding patience.

I would see them in the morning standing by the hour in the passage of the Colonial manager's house, or waiting in the snow outside his door, to speak to him or his assistant, who happened to be otherwise engaged.

They had probably some little business to transact with those officials before starting for their homes, often many miles from the colony, and it might be of the greatest importance to them to get away as soon as possible. If the weather happened to look threatening, every minute would be more than precious; but there they would stand waiting, as immovable as ever, and to all appearance as indifferent.

If I asked them if they were going to start, they only answered, "I don't know. Perhaps, if the weather doesn't get worse," or something to that effect; but I never once heard the smallest murmur of impatience.

The following occurrence, for which my informant vouches, illustrates this side of their character:—

An inspector at Godthaab sent a boat's crew into the Ameralik Fiord to mow grass for his goats. They remained a long time away, and no one could understand what had become of them. At last they returned, and when the inspector asked why they had been so long, they answered that when they got to the place the grass was too short, so they had to settle down and wait till it grew.

TWENTY LUCKY BOYS.

FIRST CRICKET COMPETITION RESULT.

BELOW are the names and addresses of the Twenty Winners in the Cricket Competition which closed on the 1st of May. Each of these fortunate youngsters is now the proud possessor of a complete set of cricketing materials, and with not too much trouble about getting them either. In fact, one of the winners sent in only twenty-nine coupons, that is to say, for the sum of 2s. 6d. expended by his friends and relations—not to speak of the value of literary matter obtained—he has been presented with a cricketing set, worth £2 10s.

If you want to be a winner in the competition now running you'll just have to try your level best. It won't be such an easy task this time, I assure you.

It ought not to be very difficult to get together a few hundred Coupons by the 1st of June, and on the very good chance of winning a valuable cricket set, surely it is well worth your while to club together and worry your friends and relations for Coupons.

Daniel Percy Dell, 52, Cambridge Street, Camberwell, S.E.; Percy Weekes, 12, Studley Road, Upton Lane, Forest Gate; Orrie Ellsworth, 16, Moscow Drive, Liverpool; P. Bellwell, 1, Palmer Street, Blackburn, Lancashire; Henry Ward, 71, Vincent Parade, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; William Pierce, The Battle Board School, Cranbury Road, Reading; J. W. Kemp, 27, Colville Terrace, Grove Green Road, Lortonstone; G. W. Rowe, 20, Roman Road, South Shields; David Lloyd, Bursley Road Board School, Bursley Road, Kentish Town; C. Read, Portland College, Chiswick, W.; S. J. Goslin, 190, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.; Edward Gowler, Schoolhouse, Beckton Road, Canning Town, E.; Thomas Maund, 5 Court, 8 House, Lower Hurst Street, Birmingham; R. Dixon, 126, Grand Road East, Middlesbrough; Thomas Hutchins, 194, Furze Road, Kensal Rise, W.; J. W. Stott, 34, Sheriff Street, Rochdale; L. H. Butler, 44, Burton Road, Brixton, S.W.; A. Hicks, 55, Upper Kyverdale Road, Lymouth Road, Stamford Hill; Henry Edwards, Alexandra Road, Beccles; E. H. Darling, Middleport Senior Boys' School, Burslem.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Cakes or Tarts which are returned to the oven after icing require heat enough to harden the sugar only.

Radishes, when full grown, but still young and crisp, are excellent if boiled and sent to table on a piece of toast. Melted butter should be served with them.

Gravy Beef for beef tea should always be fresh. If possible, however, when you have more meat than you wish to convert into beef tea at once, season it well and fry it lightly, which will preserve it for two days longer.

Lemon Sauce. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a little water, add to this two ounces of white sugar, and then the grated rind of half a lemon. Squeeze the juice of the whole lemon into the sauce, boil it for about five minutes, and serve. This is very good with all kinds of meat puddings. (Reply to Evans, Rhonda.)

China-Lined Saucepans. I notice, do not get the amount of cleaning that is necessary in many households. These directions I have carried out in my kitchen with very good results. Fill the saucepans with hot water, and into each put a tablespoonful of powdered borax, and let the contents boil for ten or fifteen minutes. If a little scouring is needed after this, use salt and soap for it.

Savoury Jelly. Any amount of remnants of poultry and game can be cut into small dice, mixed with quarters of hard-boiled eggs, and put into moulds filled up with savoury jelly, which can just as well be made from gelatine dissolved in well-flavoured stock as of calves feet. This jelly, if delicately seasoned, and not too much salted, is delicious. Instead of poultry I often use well-picked shrimps, or the remains of a large lobster.

Loin of Lamb Sauté is a good way of cooking the foreign lamb that one can buy so cheaply in town nowadays. Wash and wipe the joint carefully, skewer down the flap, lay it in a stewpan with three ounces of butter, which should be melted before the meat is put in. Simmer the joint gently for two hours, turning it when it is half done. Lift it out when cooked, strain the gravy, colour and thicken it, and pour it round the joint. Serve with mint sauce.

Egg and Water-Cress Sandwich. Boil two eggs for a quarter of an hour, place them in cold water, remove the shells, and with a sharp thin knife cut their whites and yolks into thin slices. Place these on thin slices of brown bread-and-butter, cover with large leaves of water-cress, discarding all stalks. Sprinkle slightly with pepper and salt, and cover with another slice of thin bread-and-butter. Trim neatly. Pile the sandwiches on a folded serviette, and garnish with sprigs of parsley. These sandwiches will suit your purpose exactly, I should think. (Reply to Mrs. A. Gosport.)

To Make Tracing Paper. The sheets intended for this purpose are laid flat on each other, and the varnish, of which I give recipe below, spread over the uppermost sheet by means of a brush, until the paper appears perfectly colourless, without, however, the liquid therein being visible. The first sheet is then removed, hung up to dry, and the second treated in the same manner, and so on. This is the varnish: Take two ounces of Canada balsam. Put it into a jar with half a pint of spirits of turpentine, and mix it thoroughly by a slow heat. When quite dissolved it is ready to apply to the paper. After being dried, this paper is capable of being written on either with chalk or pencil, besides steel pens. Tissue paper is generally used. (Reply to X.)

Beef à la Mode. Take a good thick piece of steak of two pounds in weight, place it in vinegar, and leave it there for two or three hours, or longer if there is time. Then take it out and lard it with strips of bacon, dipped into pepper and salt. Replace the beef in the vinegar, and add enough water to just cover it. Add to the meat the following vegetables, sliced finely: one onion, a stick of celery, two carrots, two turnips, and one parsnip; also a crust of bread and a bay leaf, six peppercorns, and a few cloves. The beef should be placed in a stewpan with the vegetables, spices, etc., and the vinegar and water, and simmered gently for two hours. Remove the beef and place it on a hot dish, pass all the liquor and vegetables through a sieve. Heat a piece of butter in a saucepan, add flour to it, and stir till brown. Gradually pour in the liquor, and boil for a few moments, whilst stirring thoroughly, add a little stock, if the gravy is too acid, and pour over the beef.

Whiting is the most wholesome fish we have, and next to it comes sole.

A Sick Headache, which is probably caused by indigestion, may be greatly relieved by taking half a teaspoonful of soda in a wine-glass of cold water.

Larder Windows, as summer advances, are apt to become covered with flies. To stop this pest, sponge the panes of glass over twice a week, with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water.

For Peeling Onions keep a clasp knife, or a knife with a handle different from those in common use, and so avoid the flavour and odour of them when it is neither expected nor wished for.

A Supper Dish. Poach some eggs and allow them to get cold, then wrap a piece of thin bacon round each. Dip into a thin batter and fry a light brown. Serve with fried parsley or a little thick white sauce.

Boiled Duck. When I received a request for this recipe I was astonished, and thought such a mode of cooking a duck was unknown. Here, however, is the information you require. Choose a large duck and salt it for two days; then wrap it in a cloth and boil it very slowly till cooked. Serve onion sauce with this dish.

Imitation Frosted Glass. This is a cheap method of imitating frosted glass, and I know it answers very well in a dry place, but steam will make it run. Moisten Epsom salts with gum, and apply it with a rag. Moisten putty well with linseed oil, and paint the panes thinly over with it, where there is a steamy atmosphere and the first recipe would not be practicable. (Reply to TITMARCH, Derby.)

Celery Vinegar is invaluable in every kitchen, and it may be easily made from this recipe. Procure two ounces of celery seeds, and crush them by pounding in a mortar. Pour over the celery seeds about one and a half pints of boiling vinegar, add half an ounce of salt and eight long peppers. Allow all to cool, then place in a bottle and set it in a warm place for four or five weeks. Then strain and place in small bottles for use. If you can do so it is best to use white wine vinegar for this preparation.

Useful Hints. Read in Home Notes Dr. Andrew Wilson's articles on the Causes of Disease—How to Make a Cozy Hall. See Home Notes—Read an interesting article on Mr. Oscar Wilde in the next number of Home Notes—Home Notes Fashion Plates are superior to those of any other penny paper—The Serial Story, "My Guardian's Son," becomes more interesting each week—Why are there so few women geniuses? See Home Notes—Are women more accurate than men? Look in Home Notes and see—A useful article for mothers in next number of Home Notes on "Wet Day Amusements for Children"—Let poultry keepers study the weekly article on practical poultry keeping.

Australian Meat in Batter. Open a tin of mutton or beef, turn the contents out on a dish, and carefully remove all fat. This meat is so rich that when any of the dripping is cooked with it, it becomes too greasy to be digestible. Take pieces of meat of convenient size, flour well, adding pepper and salt. Dip into a good frying batter, place in a frying basket, and cook in deep fat till a golden colour. Remove the "fritters," let the fat cool a little, throw a handful of parsley into it, cook it for a minute, and drain in front of the fire on paper. Serve the meat fritters on a napkin, in a circle, with the parsley as a garnish. This makes a very good little dish for supper at a small cost. If desired, the jelly that is clinging to the meat may be collected, warmed, thickened, and flavoured as gravy.

Empty Tins are a great boon to the tidy housewife; but, alas, I fear many do not appreciate them as they ought. Nowadays so many groceries, etc., one buys are packed away in really well finished tins. These should never find their way to the dustbin like rubbish. Instead, carefully treasure your tins, after having had them washed and dried over the stove, and put them on one side with their covers. Large tins are good for keeping stores in, and small ones, too, for such things as peppers, whole spices, almonds, etc. Each tin should have the contents marked on the outside, and what more handy for this than strips of stamp paper? I know of one very tidy friend who, when she has a spare day, paints her empty tins in delicate colours, and ornaments them with coloured pictures. You will wonder what these ornate tins are needed for. Those she does not need for small biscuit boxes, etc., are kept for filling with tea, sweets, biscuits, etc., and sent to a treat or bazaar, when a useful contribution is required. These find a ready sale, for they are always useful.

A Sleepless Child may be often soothed to sleep by gently rubbing its hand or face one way, singing at the same time some low, monotonous song.

Grease on Boards. Pipe clay and water mixed together until they form a stiff paste and spread over the part where there is any stain, will quickly take out the grease. (Reply to L. L. L.)

Fire Irons should be put away thus when the necessity for using them is past for the season:—Clean the irons, carefully working away at every spot, and polish them with a leather. Rub with mutton fat, wrap each iron in brown paper, and place it in a dry place. (Reply to H. G.)

To Raise the Nap on Cloth, follow this plan and I think you will be delighted with its success. First soak the coat in cold water for half an hour, then put it on a board, rub the threadbare parts with a batten's card filled with floes, or with a prickly thistle, until a nap is raised. Hang the garment up to dry, and then brush it with a stiff brush, so as to make the nap lie the right way. Thank you for your letter, I am always glad to hear that my advice has proved useful. (Reply to EUSTACE.)

Stewed Steak. This dish is excellent if cooked slowly, but will be a failure as you describe, if allowed to boil fast. Procure a nice rump steak of one and a half inches thick, and fry it a good dark brown on both sides. This may be done in a dry, hot frying-pan, without any fat. Place the steak in a stewpan, cover it with a thick gravy, add thinly-cut slices of carrot and onion, and stew slowly for about two hours. Whilst a steak is cooking, the gravy should bubble slowly, and if the lid of the saucepan is tightly put on, there should be no steam from it. (Reply to FAILURE.)

Bretonne Soup. The ingredients for this are one quart of stock, half head of celery, two ounces of fine sago, one gill of milk, one yolk of egg, about half a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, besides flavourings of pepper and salt. Wash the celery and cut it into pieces one inch in length, place these in a stewpan, and pour the stock over. Put the pan over a slow fire and simmer the contents gently for twenty minutes. Sprinkle in the sago, stirring meanwhile, and boil all gently for another ten minutes. Beat the yolk of egg in a basin, add the milk, and pour the boiling stock over. When well mixed return to the saucepan and cook the soup two minutes longer, to give the yolk a cooked taste. Season to taste, add the tarragon, and serve at once.

A Gingerbread Cake is generally popular, and this recipe is quite the best I know. Pass one and a half pounds of flour, and one and a half ounces of powdered ginger through a sieve into a basin; shred four ounces of candied peel, and add it to the flour. Put half a pound of good dripping or lard into a stewpan with half a pound of sugar and one pound of treacle, and heat till dissolved. Beat three eggs in a small basin, and put a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in another with one gill of milk. Mix the flour with the treacle, etc., then the eggs, and lastly the milk and soda. Beat well for ten minutes. Grease a large cake tin, pour the mixture in, and bake two hours. The top of the cake should be ornamented with blanched almonds split in half. This cake should be baked in a moderate oven or it will be burnt before it is cooked through.

Isobel

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All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, May 10, if intended for the Issue on sale May 19, and dated May 20.

Counting Competition and other objectionable advertisements are not inserted.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order.

1894. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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A Copy of this Book will be sent to each user of LIFEBUOY SOAP who sends his or her name and address and 12 LIFEBUOY SOAP Wrappers, postage or carriage paid, to LEVER BROS., Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead.

CONTENTS:—THE MISSING BAG: A Complete Story—INTRODUCTION TO THE 'SECRET OF HEALTH'—GUIDE TO HOME NURSING—GUIDE TO NURSING IN INFECTIOUS ILLNESSES—OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR—CHOLERA: HOW TO PREVENT IT—SPECIAL CHAPTER—A WORD OF WARNING—SICK DIET AND FEEDING THE SICK—USEFUL HINTS FOR HEADS OF FAMILIES.

LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, Port Sunlight, nr. Birkenhead, have received the accompanying Report on LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP, from Dr. Karl Enoch, Chemisch, Hygienisches Inst., Hamburg.

REPORT.

The examination of the sample of 'Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap' furnished to me by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, of Port Sunlight, England, gives the following results as to its action as a disinfectant.

Solutions of 1, 2, and 5 per cent. of Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap in water were made. These solutions were brought to bear on a variety of clean cultivated germs or microbes (Bacillus), in each case a certain exact time being allowed for the operation; and thus the capacity of this soap for destroying the various live and growing germs was proved.

THE RESULTS were as follows:

- 1.—The obstinate Typhoid Microbes, with the 5 per cent. solution, were dead within two hours.
- 2.—The operation of this soap on the Cholera Microbes was very remarkable, and showed this soap to be in the highest degree a disinfectant. These were taken from persons who had died of Cholera in Hamburg, and showed a result as follows:—
With the 2 per cent. mixture, Cholera Microbes were dead within 15 minutes. With the 5 per cent. same were dead within 5 minutes.
- 3.—The Diphtheria Microbes were killed after 2 hours with the 5 per cent. solution.
- 4.—The 5 per cent. solution was tried on fresh Carbuncle germs, and the result showed that the Microbe life was entirely extinct after 4 hours.

From the foregoing experiments it will be seen that the Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap is a powerful disinfectant and exterminator of the various germs and microbes of disease.

(Signed) KARL ENOCH, Chem. Hygien. Inst., Hamburg.

Stop the Spread of Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, and all Contagious Diseases

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WORLD-RENOVED

NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANT.

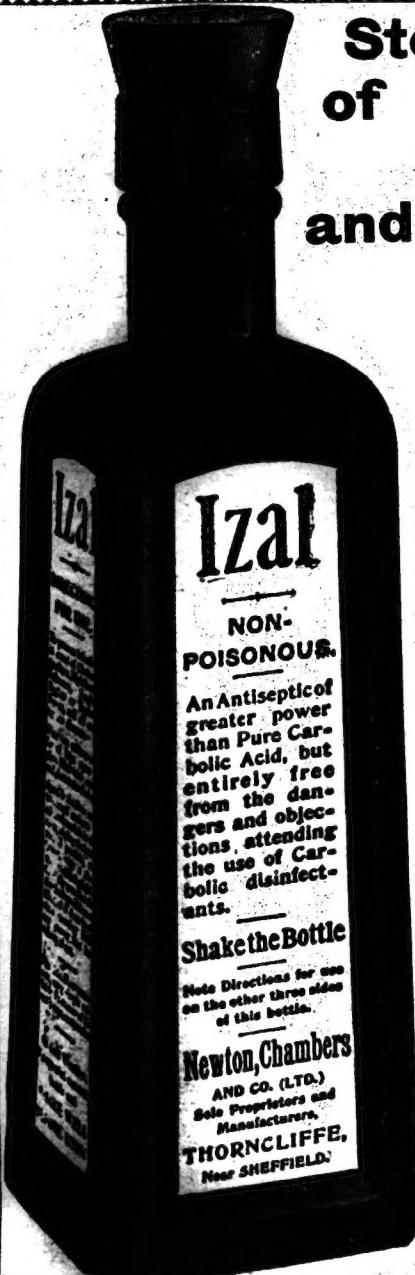
Infection of the most dangerous and virulent character can be instantly killed with IZAL—a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick-room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its Disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. No offensive smell can exist near it. It can be used for all disinfecting purposes the same as with the old-fashioned disinfectants—Being non-poisonous, it is safe under all conditions—Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings.—Being non-corrosive, it will neither stain nor injure linen, bedding, clothing, carpets, hangings, furniture, metals, or surgical instruments.

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GREAT ECONOMY.

The Gallon Tin will make 200 Gallons of Powerful Germ-Destroying Reliable Disinfectant, at a cost of less than a Penny per Gallon.

Sold by Chemists and others, in large bottles, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, and gallon tins, 10/-. Sample bottle or tin sent, Carriage Free in the United Kingdom, for Postal Order. Sole Manufacturers, NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & CO., Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield. London Offices: 19, Great George Street, S.W., and, Thorncliffe House, 331, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

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The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

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WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ASK P.W.

LAST week I was unable to report Mr. Griffith's progress in his attempt to beat the record round the world, because at the time that we went to press with the last number he was steaming across the Pacific on his way from Yokohama to Vancouver, British Columbia.

I have had a cablegram from him at the latter place to say that he had a capital cruise across the Pacific Ocean, and got there twenty hours ahead of his time. This seems to have enabled him to have caught an earlier train on to New York than he anticipated, with the result that the difficulty of duly making the connection at Montreal will be most likely overcome, and as this was the point in the whole journey where there was most likelihood of failure, so far as I can see there is now very little doubt of his accomplishing the feat he has undertaken.

Mr. Griffith hopes to reach London again on the 15th of this month, and if he does so it will mean that he has got round the world in sixty-four days; that is to say, at least ten days faster than anyone has ever done it before.

Mr. Griffith adds to his last cablegram the fact that he has picked up some extremely interesting matter in the course of his journey, so readers may look forward to a real treat in the series of articles which he will commence in P. W. immediately he gets home.

I have had quite a number of letters of late from readers who are inclined to condole with P. W.'s energetic representative for the terrific wear and tear of his rush round the world, but I do not see that he is so very much to be pitied, from this point of view, after all, for during the greater part of his journey the rushing has been done for him by first-class ocean greyhounds, which are as luxuriously appointed as any modern hotel.

As a matter of fact, it is not of much consequence whether you go through the water at five or twenty-five miles an hour, so far as your personal comfort is concerned. There is no great effort of endurance in performing the feat, which Mr. Griffith will, I hope, accomplish. The great point about it is that it has never before been possible, so far as we have been able to ascertain, to girdle the planet in anything approaching so short a time, and there does not seem to be any probability of a combination of rapid steamers which will enable it to be done again for some years to come.

No easy task has been set me by F. A. R., who asks me which was the greatest fire, the burning of London in 1666, of Moscow in 1812, or of Chicago in 1871. The question in itself is somewhat indefinite. As far as area is concerned, the Chicago fire was the greatest of the three. The Great Fire of London only destroyed about two-thirds of the City, while it is quite impossible to estimate the value of the houses and so on which were consumed by the flames. The burning of Moscow destroyed property which has been valued at £30,000,000, on what authority I do not know. When Chicago was burnt to the ground property to the value of £38,000,000 is supposed by trustworthy authorities to have been utterly destroyed.

D. A. S.—So far as I know, there are no hard and fast rules to guide you in shoeing your horses. The weight and so on are generally left to the discretion of the smith. At the same time, I think you are perfectly right in inquiring into the matter, and however powerful your horses are it is ridiculous that the shoes on their fore feet should weigh more than a pound. For the hind shoes the outside limit should be twelve ounces. A few ounces more or less apparently make but little difference, but if only the horses could speak they would probably have a good deal to say on the subject, and reasonably light shoes must save their legs enormously. Just think what a difference it makes if only four ounces are added to the weight of each shoe. Every time the horse moves he has got to lift an extra pound, and in the course of a day's work he would lift something like six tons which need not have been lifted at all—an absolute waste of energy.

A WEEK or two ago we offered a guinea to the reader of P. W. who could tell us the most curious address. Here are a few that have come to hand:—Mr. W., Punch Lump, Judy Fold, Stocks Hill, Armley, near Leeds. Mrs. C., Behind the Moon, East Foxdale, Isle of Man. Mrs. K., Snuff the Wind, Glenrusher, Isle of Man. "Who Should Think It," Ruahighlanes, near Grampound, Cornwall. Miss Florence Terriss, 9, Florence Terrace, Penzance. Mr. W. T., 17, The Land of Green Ginger, Hull, Yorkshire. The prize of one guinea has been forwarded to Mr. C. E. Lord, 103, Burley Street, Leeds, the sender of the first address given above. One very curious address, which unfortunately had to be disqualified, was as follows:—Mr. —, No. —, Jubilee Terrace, Mount Ararat, Heavenly Bottom, Dorset. Although a letter thus addressed would, no doubt, reach its proper destination, I am informed by the Secretary of the G.P.O. that "Mount Ararat" and the place named "Heavenly Bottom" are not in the same postal delivery.

THERE is nothing particularly startling this week about the F. A. F. subscription list. Those generous mortals among our readers who allow themselves to afford a sufficient sum to pay for a complete excursion of two hundred children seem to have exhausted their efforts last week, at all events for the present. The first amount acknowledged in this week's list is the proceeds of a concert at Camberwell, which was got up by a kind-hearted gentleman who does not wish me to mention his name in the paper, and who hopes to provide the FRESH AIR FUND with a considerably larger sum in the course of the summer, gained by similar means. Many readers might get up little entertainments for the benefit of the F. A. F. if they liked, and I really hope that this excellent example will set a few of them to work.

Mr. J. Rochelle Thomas, the well-known numismatist and medallist, has sent a present of 2,000 Jubilee half-farthings to the FRESH AIR FUND, suggesting that they should be distributed to the children enjoying excursions. I dare say, though, that a great many readers would like to possess one of these unique little coins, which are well worth having as curiosities. I shall be glad to send one of them to anybody who will forward a stamped directed envelope and three stamps, or as many more as he or she likes; the money sent in exchange for the curious little coin of course to go to the F.A.F.

Mr. S. Ackroyd, of 30, Campbell Grove, Nottingham, writes:

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to forward you my tenth collection for the FRESH AIR FUND.

As you will notice, it is the largest I have, as yet, been able to forward to you.

I have been enabled (by kind permission of the station-master) to place a box in the first-class ladies' room, and it has brought forth good results, viz., 6s. 6d. since last Saturday night. You will notice the item in my list.

Please find enclosed P.O., value £1 4s. 9d.

Now, there's a true Briton for you.

Gratitude is due to a Nottingham firm who have been so thoughtful as to send anonymously a supply of sherbet for some of the little holiday makers.

We have to go to press earlier with this number on account of the Whitsuntide holidays, so we have not yet had returned any of the collecting lists issued with the last number. I do hope that a great many readers are doing what they can to fill their list. Such a little trouble is required, and if the effort is not at all heartily, the result means so much to a lot of little children who have nowhere else to look for a holiday in the coming summer. To print and insert some hundreds of thousands of these lists meant a large outlay on the part of P. W., but this was cheerfully borne in the firm belief that readers would utilise the lists to the best of their ability.

Amount previously acknowledged, £131 Os. 7d.

Proceeds of Concert at Camberwell, 27s. 6d.; W. A. W., 21s.; Malta, 12s.; A. B. C. and D., Colchester, 10s.; M. H., 1s.; A. M., 1s.; Duddell's Bazaar, 4s.; F. S. Newcomb, 2s. 6d.; Ackroyd (tenth donation), 15s. 10d.; God Bless the Kids (donation), 1s.; White and F., 1s. 6d.; E. J., 2s. 6d.; George Hummer, 2s. 6d.; Gertrude Mason, 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, 2s. 6d.; R. Griffin, 5s.; Little Will, 6d.; Richard Beck, 2d.; H. H. Corbridge and Fene, 1s. 6d.; 121st Newcomb, 1s. 6d.; Harold and Philip Bond, 1s. 6d.; A. Quid Little Girl, 1s. 6d.; Nap. Part, 7s. 6d.; Sketch Competition, 22 1/2s.; F. G. C., 2s.; A. E. D., 2s.; F. G. C., 2s.; J. Procter, 2s. 6d.; "Smokes," 2s.; M. H., 1s. 6d.; H. G. Grace, 1s.; W. E. M., 3s.; W. L. Cole, 2s. 6d.; W. S., 2s.; Anon., 2s.; W. L. E., 3s. 5d.; Anon., 1s.; Mr. Wainwright's, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Ian, Green, and Norah (donations), 2s. 6d.; A. B. T., 12s. 6d.; W. A. W., 1s.; F. H. D., 4s.; Fene, 1s. 6d.; A. Constant Reader, 9d.; Bakibias, 1s. 6d.; Petrifed Wood, 6s. 7d.

The following amounts have been collected:—

E. H. W. at S. W., 4s.; J. T. T., 1s.; Mrs. Edgar, 1s. 6d.; A. Lover of the Country, Chatham, 11s.; Mrs. Drake, 1s.; F. Bedford, 10s. 6d.; A. N. D., 2s. 6d.; G. Brewer, 1s. 6d.; S. Ackroyd (tenth donation), 15s. 10d.

Grand Total £155 7s. 1d.

C. L. D. wonders why British railway companies make themselves so conspicuously regardless of the comforts of their engine-drivers in the matter of providing sufficient shelter from the weather, and supplying them with seats. I believe that the reasons brought forward for this apparent piece of unkindness is that if a man, having responsibilities on his shoulders like those borne by an engine-driver, were placed in too comfortable a position, the tendency would be to encourage sleep, which, of all things, is least to be desired in his case. But, in my opinion, if a man really wants to sleep, it matters little whether he is standing or sitting; and, further, an engine-driver is likely, in his attempts to escape the discomforts of boisterous weather, to have his mind distracted from the working of his engine. Do you think that a man, fagged out with long standing, drenched with rain, and exposed to a cold east wind, is any more likely to give close attention to his duty than one who can throw his heart into his work with a clear brain and warm body? I don't.

THE Fighting Editor has been positively growing fat of late through lack of employment. In order to provide occupation for him, I am constrained to offer Fifty Penknives to those individuals who have sufficient courage to forward on the back of a post-card, by May 21st, the cleverest drawing of the F. E. To give all competitors an equal chance, no one will be allowed to behold the F. E.'s features from now until the close of the competition. I do not, however, hold myself responsible for any damage that may be caused in an interview of the competitors or the F. E.'s seeking after our friend has had an opportunity of inspecting the post-cards.

THE Five-pound Note which was offered in the first Benefit Competition for the best two sketches, the one illustrating a little child in the slums, and the other of the same child enjoying a FRESH AIR FUND excursion, is divided equally between Mr. A. Greenhow, Alma Villa, Aeneia Road, Enfield, and Miss Marion Bostock, Mere Field House, Haslington, Crewe. Although all the sketches received were very creditably drawn, only fifty persons entered for this competition. So few people, unfortunately, think themselves capable of turning out a clever pen-and-ink sketch. For the sake of the FRESH AIR FUND, which receives the entrance fees, I am sorry that the entry has been so small, but I hope that when once the readers of P. W. begin to take a special interest in these benefit competitions which are being held week by week, a considerably better result may be looked for. Miss Bostock's sketches will be reproduced in the number of *Short Stories* which is published on Tuesday, May 22nd. The other winning sketches do not, unfortunately lend themselves to reproduction.

I AM glad to be able to announce a fairly satisfactory solution to the problem which poor C. J. put to my readers the other day. It will, doubtless, be remembered that he was in love with and anxious to marry a young widow, but was deterred from so doing because her money, which she wanted, and which he wanted, would only come to her so long as she wore full widow's weeds in memory of the late lamented. Well, they were married on the 1st of May. A clergyman was found who had no objection to the lady approaching the altar a second time arrayed in her trappings of woe, and they have now moved to a part of London where they are unknown, and C. J. hopes to prevent the curiosity of his neighbours being aroused by pretending to be nothing more than his wife's lodger. This seems to me to be the flaw in the arrangement. It were much wiser to let people say what they liked than to try and keep up an unsatisfactory farce which is likely to lead both into ill-repute.

B. D.—The largest of all song-birds is the lyre-bird of Australia, which is very much the same size as a pheasant. It has two voices; one a loud, shrill call, which can be heard at a great distance, and the other an inward and varied song, the lower notes of which can only be heard within a few yards. By the way, I had a suggestion the other day to the effect that the "little bird" we hear so much about, and who overhears all the gossip, is the lyre-bird!

S. A. E.—Lynch law, which, as somebody said fifty years ago, alone makes life worth living in the West, derives its name from a farmer of North Carolina, who early in the last century was wont to take the law into his own hands, and exercised summary punishment as he saw fit upon criminals, either white or black, whose existence was a danger to the world at large. In these days, however, when those who are legally authorised to arrest persons and to inflict punishment are in a position to fulfil their duties, a general feeling against lynch law is actively pronounced. And yet even last year for every five persons put to death by due process of law in the United States, eight were lynched after the violent and lawless methods of the old Carolina farmer.

In issue dated March 31 an error occurred in the full page announcement of Messrs. Lever Brothers, the proprietors of Sunlight Soap. This advertisement announced that eight Premier Safety Cycles would be given away as prizes to the eight persons sending in the largest number of Sunlight Soap wrappers in their eight respective districts. The announcement should have read that five Cycles would be given away, and not eight. As the mistake was ours, and not Messrs. Lever Brothers, we correct it here in order to prevent mistakes and disappointment.

The limited space in this page permits of only a very small fraction of the letters addressed to this office every week being answered in print, but any reader who encloses a stamped addressed envelope with his enquiry, will receive a reply through the post.

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IF YOU SEE IT IN P.W., IT'S SO.

Central Cycle Co., Ltd., 107, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

NSPOTTERY.

It is a matter of wonderment that no Country, Society, or Club has come forward with any suggestion to rid the genial old Sun of the spots which now distort his visage. The Proprietor of Beecham's Pills has been dreaming that they may be "pimples that come with the Spring," and if such be the case he recommends his Pills (which he takes himself) for removing them. When he has perfected his flying machine, and can see a less hazy mode of conveyance than that depicted by the artist in his flight of fancy, in the interests of Science he will publish further plans and particulars.

Quoth the Sun, "These horrid spots
Must appear on my face,
And though I am so famous, I am not, not, not."
"These spots," he thought, "will be gone,
And will quickly show my face,
Which was just a little hot - oh, what? what? what?"

BECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL
Nervous Disorders, such as
Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disorders of the Female Ailments.

Solely by the Proprietor, THOMAS BECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Suggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere in Boxes,
d. 1/1 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 2/6 each, with Full Directions.

THE 1/1 BOX CONTAINS 53 PILLS.
IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES PER ANNUM.

BECHAM'S PILLS ARE PREPARED BY THOMAS BECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

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325
INSURANCE
CLAIMS
PAID.

No. 201.]



QUALITY AND VALUE.

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